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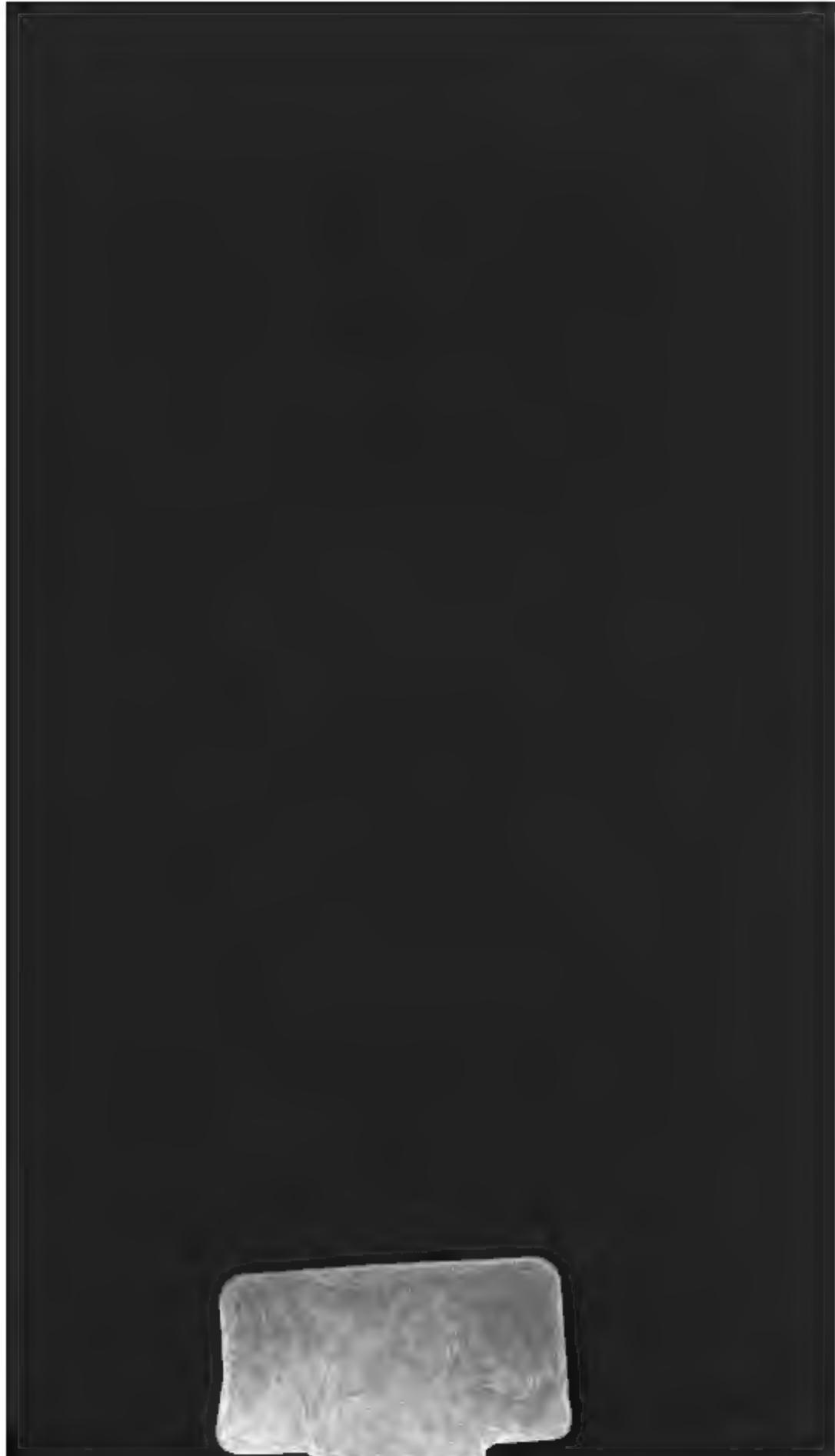
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THE HISTORY OF THE  
ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH











H Y M N S   O F   C H R I S T  
AND  
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.



# HYMNS OF CHRIST

AND

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY

THE REV. WALTER C. SMITH, M.A.



London and Cambridge:  
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1867.

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TO

**WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, ESQUIRE, LONDON**

**THIS VOLUME**

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*PREFATORY NOTE.*

I HAVE ventured to call these Poems Hymns, because of the generally Devotional character of the Book, though well aware that only a comparatively small number of them have any claim to so high a title.

A few of them have already appeared in Periodicals and Collections, and I have gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of the Publishers in allowing them to be reprinted here.

W. C. S.



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H Y M N S  
OF  
FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

E



**“My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”—Ps. lxxiii, 26.**

**B**E Thou, O Lord, my guide and stay,  
When doubts and fears perplex my way;  
And help me, when the Tempter's wile  
Plies craftily my own heart's guile;  
As sunshine breaks through clouds and rain,  
Break through the mist of grief and pain.

I know Thou art not far, O Lord,  
From him who walketh by Thy Word;  
I know 'tis but the cloud of sin  
That veils Thee from my heart within;  
I know Thou dost not hide Thy face  
From him who trusts Thy plenteous grace.

But ah! my flesh doth faint and fail,  
My weak heart errs, my fears prevail,  
Mine eyes grow dim; I cannot see  
The Presence that is life to me;  
Hold me, O Lord, that I may know  
Thou still art with me here below.

For without Thee, my Christ, my Lord,  
I find no joy even in Thy Word;  
No promise that is clearly mine,  
No strength, or hope, or joy divine;  
But all is darkness, doubt, and fear,  
In heaven and earth, till Thou art near.

Then keep me close, nor let me stray;  
But hold me up, and guide my way;  
When light is dim, and path obscure,  
Still let me feel Thy mercies sure,  
And know, if only by Thy rod,  
My Father near, my faithful God.

"Fret not thyself because of evil doers." - Ps. xxxvii. 1.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

ISA. xxx. 15

O FTIMES my heart is sorely vexed,  
 And cannot trust, and will not pray ;  
 For thought is troubled and perplexed,  
 When sin is prospering in its way.

Why dost Thou hide Thyself, O Lord ?

Why are Thy people thus amazed ?  
 Is not the wicked way abhorred ?

Shall not the haughty be abased ?

Be still, my heart ; nor idly fret :

He giveth no account to thee ;  
 And quietness and patience yet  
 Thy strength and thy salvation be.

In wisdom, God our faith hath tried ;  
There were no faith if all were clear ;  
Then help us always to abide  
In quiet trust and patient fear.

Forgive our doubts, and make us know  
That, whether it be dark or light,  
Our only wisdom here below,  
Is to believe Thy way is right.

In vain we measure with our bars  
These awful harmonies of Thine,  
Where oft the moral discord jars,  
And yet the strain is all Divine.

Our little vision may not set  
The bounds to Thine Immensity,  
And quietness and patience yet  
Our strength and our salvation be.

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”—Ps. xlvi. 1.

MY God, Thou art my Refuge still  
From feeble flesh and wayward will  
And fear and trouble and all ill;  
A present help in time of need:  
O let me dwell with Thy dear flock  
Beneath the shadow of the Rock,  
Where only may Thy feeble folk  
Possess the peace of Christ indeed.

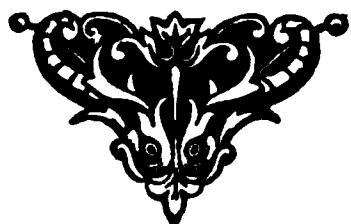
I deemed Thee once in wrath arrayed  
Against my spirit sore dismayed,  
And lying refuges I made,  
To shield my guilty soul from Thee;

But now I seek Thy holy place,  
And clasp the altar of Thy grace.  
And hide me in Thy love's embrace,  
That sought me from eternity.

No more my sins will I conceal,  
Or cover what I cannot heal,  
But all my heart I will reveal,  
And all its trouble to my Lord:  
No more from Thee my soul would hide ;  
But in Thee ever would abide,  
And shelter in the grace denied  
To none that trust Thy faithful Word.

Yet oh! my God, my refuge true  
When danger pressed, and troubles grew;  
When danger passed, and fears were few,  
Oft have I wandered far away :

Now let me in my Refuge find  
A home and dwelling for the mind,  
Where undismayed and unconfined  
My soul shall bide in peace alway.



“Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope in God : for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”—Ps. xlivi. 5.

THE Lord hath hid his face from us,  
Whereby our hearts are sad ;  
The Lord hath done great things for us,  
Whereby He makes us glad.

Yet, Lord, we know in doing good  
Unchangeable Thou art ;  
The change is in our wayward mood,  
And in our faithless heart.

And if at times our sorrow makes  
A cloud before Thy face,  
Yet through the cloud Thy glory breaks,  
And from the cloud Thy grace.

And Love is in the falling rain  
As in the shining hour,  
And worketh from a life of pain  
A life of noble power.

Yea, when the light is overcast,  
The Love doth more abound ;  
And every sorrow, being past,  
A mercy shall be found.

Then help us, Lord, to walk with Thee  
By faith and not by sight;  
So shall we find no change in Thee,  
But change of Love and Light.

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope in God : for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”—Ps. xliii. 5.

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Then help us, Lord, to walk with Thee  
By faith and not by sight;  
So shall we find no change in Thee,  
But change of Love and Light.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

I WILL commit my way, O Lord, to Thee,  
Nor doubt Thy love, though dark the way may

be;

Nor murmur, for the sorrow is from God,

And there is comfort also in thy rod.

I will not seek to know the future years,  
Nor cloud to-day with dark to-morrow's fears ;  
I will but seek a light from Heaven, to show  
How, step by step, my pilgrimage should go.

And if the distant perils seem to make  
The way impossible which I must take,  
Yet, as the river winds through mountains lone,  
My path will open up—as I go on.

Be still, my heart, for faithful is thy Lord ;  
And pure and true and tried His Holy Word ;  
And through the raging flood and stormy sea  
His Promises thy stepping stones shall be.



“There is no fear in love.”—I John iv. 18.

I FILLED me with the fear of hell,  
I And thought it was the fear of God;  
I did not seek to love Him well,  
I only trembled at His rod.

The burning fire, the smoking pit,  
The worm undying in the breast,  
And Dives with the torment smit,  
Forbade my trembling heart to rest.

O dreary time! without a gleam  
Of love divine to gild its wrath:  
O weary time! without a stream  
Of joy in God to cheer my path.

But now I know the fear of God,  
And all the peace it doth impart,  
And walk along a joyous road  
With heaven unfolding in my heart.

O blessed Christ ! that did'st disclose  
The love that sought me when I fell,  
And broke my bands, and I arose,  
And cast from me the fear of hell.

O blessed Christ ! O blessed cross !  
O blessed Spirit ! that showed to me  
How terror is eternal loss,  
And Trust is immortality.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy," &c.  
COL. ii. 8.

A S one who climbs the mountain high,  
Till blinding mists around him fly,  
And all is dark and bleak and bare,  
And barren rock and cloudy air;  
Thus oft the proud and haughty mind,  
When highest soaring, is most blind,  
Just mounting far enough to be  
Hid in dim cloud and mystery.

Ah me ! that we should soar above  
The lowly walk of faith and love ;  
Toiling to find a dreary lot  
On the bleak heights of barren thought !

Now help us, Lord, to stoop and find  
The Light that lighteneth all mankind;  
For to the lowly heart is given  
A happier earth and brighter heaven.



"Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things : to whom be glory for ever. Amen."—ROM. xi. 36.

O ROSE of Sharon ! Fruitful Vine !  
 O Lily of the Valley pure !  
 Plant of renown ! and graff divine  
 Of blessings sweet and mercies sure !  
 All things in earth and air and sea  
 But emblems of Thy glory be,  
 And serve their end in serving Thee.

Thou Sun of Righteousness ! whose wings  
 With healing to the world arise ;  
 Bright morning-star ! whose day-break brings  
 Glad tidings to the meek and wise ;

All things in earth and air and sea  
But emblems of Thy glory be,  
And serve their end in serving Thee.

Dear pearl of price ! rich treasure found !

Better than gold and rubies fine ;

O gracious dew to thirsty ground !

More gladsome than the joyous wine :

All things in earth and air and sea  
But emblems of Thy glory be,  
And serve their end in serving Thee.

Strong anchor of our hope and peace,

Amid the floods of death and sin !

Sure Ark, until the waters cease,

Where God, the Lord, hath shut us in !

All things in earth and air and sea  
But emblems of Thy glory be,  
And serve their end in serving Thee.

Great Lion of the tribes of God !  
Meek Lamb that takest sins away !  
True man of sorrows who hast trod  
The wine-press of the wrathful day !  
All things in earth and air and sea  
But emblems of Thy glory be,  
And serve their end in serving Thee.

O fairest Rose ! O Lily pure !  
O fragrant Dew ! and fruitful Vine !  
O Morning Star ! and Anchor sure !  
God's Lamb and Lion ! Thou art mine.  
And all in earth and air and sea  
Are emblems of Thy grace to me,  
And serve their end in serving Thee.

“That was the true Light, which lighteth,” &c.—John i. 9.

**I**N Heaven is many a shining star,  
And yet my way is dark as night;  
I see them gleam in depths afar,  
But not by them I see aright.

Undimmed as is the light of God,  
They sparkle in the depths serene;  
But yet I take my darksome road  
As ne'er a light in heaven had been.

And there are truths so far away  
No light upon our paths they show;  
We see them clear and bright as day,  
But by their light we may not go.

But Jesus, Thou art near and far ;  
With light Thou dost encompass me :  
I see Thee like the midnight star,  
And as at noon I walk by Thee.

Thou dost uplift my soul to heaven  
Above earth's trouble and weary strife ;  
And by Thy grace is also given  
Light for the common paths of life.

O blessed Jesus ! shining far,  
And shining near upon our way ;  
We praise Thee as the glorious star,  
We praise Thee as the light of day.

“But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise,” &c.—MAL. iv. 2.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,  
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,  
And heal our sorrows, dry our tears,  
And scatter all our guilty fears.

Shine forth, that our sad hearts may see  
The glory of the Lord in Thee—  
The pitying Love, the plenteous grace,  
Which are the brightness of His face.

The lights that in our darkness shine  
Shall fade before Thy light divine,  
Shall fade because the darkness flies,  
Lost in the Light that never dies.

Break forth, O Sun of righteousness,  
And earth shall sing Thy glorious grace,  
And all the clouds that round Thee meet  
Shall be as rainbows 'neath Thy feet.

And quickened by Thy light divine,  
We shall with Holy beauties shine,  
And with the glory Thou hast given  
Will glorify the God of heaven.

“God is Love.”—I JOHN iv. 8.

No wrath there is to be appeased  
In heaven above;  
No wrath with bitter anguish pleased,  
For God is Love.

Not our's the costly sacrifice  
Of what is dear,  
To purchase with a cruel price  
God's mercy here.

No pleasure from our suffering  
The Lord could steal,  
Or anguish of the meanest thing  
He made to feel.

But on Himself the grief He took,  
And pain and loss  
And shame of sin, and its rebuke  
Upon the cross.

For love rejoiceth not in pain  
Of good or bad,  
But beareth all, and still is fain  
To make us glad.

Love circles us with mercies sweet,  
And guides our way,  
And sheds its light around our feet  
By night and day.

O love of Jesus ! love of heaven !  
O Holy Dove,  
Teach me, now ransomed and forgiven,  
That God is Love.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

I PET. ii. 7.

O PEARL of price! and treasured hoard !  
O riches righteously adored !

My Christ, my King, my glorious Lord !  
O righteousness and peace of God !  
Our comfort 'neath the chastening rod !  
Our guide and way to blest abode !

My faithful Friend, whate'er befal,  
My hope when terrors do appal,  
My Resurrection, and mine all !  
Lo ! all the Love of God is Thine,  
And all the wealth of grace divine,  
And all Thy riches now are mine.

In Thee my sins are all forgiven,  
And sorrows are but shadows driven  
Across the broad sunshine of Heaven ;  
In Thee is life divine and pure,  
And holy joy, and peace secure,  
And light that shall for aye endure.

Thou my life's portion art, and goal,  
God's pledge of blessing to my soul,  
The One that doth embrace the whole ;  
And all mine other gain is loss,  
And all besides I count but dross  
To know Thee and Thy saving cross.

My Holy joy, mine only Faith,  
My vital spark, and vital breath,  
My guide in life, my stay in death !  
Redeemer, Saviour, Christ divine,  
Let all else perish, all is mine,  
For Thou art God's, and I am Thine.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," &c.—PHIL. iii. 13-14.

JESUS, unto whom we pray,  
Christ the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Lord, the path of glory show,  
And uphold us as we go.

Keep us, for in Thee we trust,  
Purge our hearts from sinful lust,  
Hedge us from the Tempter's power,  
Help us in the evil hour.

All the past we would forget ;  
We have not attained yet,  
Even our best achievements be  
Failures all compared to Thee.

We nor brood on former sin,  
Lest it work despair within ;  
Nor on grace Thou didst impart,  
Lest with pride it fill the heart.

Wherefore aid us to aspire  
Ever upward, ever higher,  
Through the light, or through the dark,  
Pressing onward to the mark.

Running the appointed race,  
May we grow in every grace,  
Ripening in Thy knowledge still  
As we do the Father's will.

O to be more dead to sin,  
O the grace of life to win,  
O to walk with Thee in light  
Of the day that knows no night.

Be it, Lord, by pain and loss,  
Be it by a bitter cross,  
Living or dying, we would be  
In Holy beauties like Thee.

Liker Thee till effort cease,  
Life in God be perfect Peace,  
Every thought and wish divine,  
All our soul conformed to thine.

"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE xix. 10.

BLESSED Jesus, Christ of God !  
 Who this weary earth hast trod,  
 Bearing all the sinners' load !  
 Gracious Jesus, let me rest  
 On Thy promise, on Thy breast  
 Which the Magdalene hath pressed.

O sweet Jesus, Rose of Sharon !  
 Mighty Jesus, Rod of Aaron  
 Making streams flow as we fare on !  
 Grant me faith and love and peace,  
 Bid my wandering thoughts to cease,  
 Give me life and more increase.



Saviour-brother, King of Glory,  
Heir of all the ages hoary,  
Crown and flower of time's great story !  
Despised, rejected, crucified,  
Wash me in the crimson tide  
Flowing from Thy wounded side.

Take me, Father, for Thy child,  
Keep me, Jesus, meek and mild,  
Spirit, calm my passions wild ;  
And the glory shall be Thine,  
God of our hope, and Man divine,  
Saviour of the world, and mine.

“ To me to live is Christ.”—PHILIP. i. 21.

To me to live is Christ;  
If Christ bestow His grace,  
A childlike heart to me is given  
That wonders after God and heaven,  
And smiles up in His face  
Whose love doth me embrace.

To me to live is Christ,  
If Christ with me abide,  
He bringeth me victorious youth,  
Rejoicing in the love of truth,  
Fearless of wrath and pride,  
Because the Lord will guide.

To me to live is Christ ;  
If Christ my love awake,  
The wisdom ripe of age is mine,  
And hope and joy and peace divine  
At evening twilight make  
The eternal day to break.

So let me live to Christ,  
And death shall but disguise  
The life eternal and complete,  
Where age and youth and childhood meet,  
Simple and strong and wise,  
In Christ above the skies.

"That I may know Him . . and the fellowship of his sufferings."  
PHILIP. iii. 10.

MY LORD, let all my sorrows be  
A fellowship of grief with Thee,  
And every pain and bitter loss  
A faithful bearing of Thy cross.

O Jesus, oft this cross of mine  
Was barren, for it was not Thine ;  
It was not sweetened by Thy grace,  
Nor bright with Thine uplifted face.

My cross it is not mine to choose ;  
Nor mine Thy cross, Lord, to refuse ;  
What thou ordainest let me take,  
And bear it meekly for Thy sake.

Let me not sow the bitter seed  
From which the bitter woes proceed ;  
Nor let my sorrow seek relief  
In the hard selfishness of grief .

Help that my sins I may condemn,  
And crucify the lust of them,  
And learn from every chastening rod  
More love to man, more faith in God.

•  
Let me not murmur at Thy will ;  
Let me with patient hope fulfil  
The lot which love hath planned to be  
Our deepest fellowship with Thee.

“Have mercy upon me, O Lord ; for I am weak.”—Ps. vi. 2.

I HOPE, and yet I hardly dare,  
So feeble is the sense of life,  
So compassed round with fear and care,  
And shrinking from the faithful strife.

As when a sickly child is born  
That seemeth nigh to death again,  
And hath not strength, except to mourn—  
Its little life, a little pain;

So feeble is this life of mine,  
So faint its breathing after Thee :  
And if it is the life divine,  
'Tis but a new-born pain in me.

And yet I hope, Lord, in Thy love  
And faithful grace and tender care ;  
O send the blessing from above  
In answer to my trembling prayer.

And nurse this feeble life with Thine,  
Fan with Thy breath the quivering flame,  
And feed me with the milk and wine ;  
And glorify Thy gracious name.

"Thou hast delivered my soul from death," &c.—Ps. cxvi. 8.

KEEP mine eyes, O Lord, from tears,  
Keep my feet from ways of sin,  
Keep my heart from death's dark fears,  
Keep my spirit pure within.

Often I thy Spirit grieve,  
Often err and go astray,  
Often fond delusions weave  
Round the evil of my way;

Pleading now the fruitless strife,  
Now the pressure of the throng,  
Now the ancient grooves of life  
That are bearing us along.



Yet, Lord, do not me forsake;  
Do not fail in time of need ;  
Do not Thy good Spirit take ;  
Do not break the bruised reed.

Ransomed, quickened, and forgiven,  
Cleansed from all unholy ways,  
Guided on my road to heaven,  
Give me songs, and I will praise.

As the rainfall on the hills  
Springing in the lowly glen,  
Floweth down in murmuring rills  
Through the busy haunts of men ;

So replenished by Thy grace,  
Wells of joy shall rise in me,  
Making glad the desert place,  
Waking praises unto Thee.

“The love of Christ constraineth us,” &c.—2 Cor v. 14.

RANSOMED with a costly price,  
Even with Love’s great sacrifice,  
We rejoice, for we are free,  
Being bound, O Lord, to Thee.

Cords of love around us cast  
Knit us close, and bind us fast ;  
And Thy death, wherein we died,  
Seals us for the Crucified.

O the selfish root of sin !  
Pluck it from our heart within ;  
Blight and death around us lie  
Till the Self within us die.

Let Thy love our hearts constrain,  
And to love our hearts regain ;  
Love alone is life divine ;  
Blend our beings, Lord, with Thine.

Thine, to serve with all our powers ;  
Thine, through all the changeful hours ;  
Thine, to suffer, and not repine,  
Living or dying we are Thine.

"Think upon me, my God, for good."—NEHEM. v. 19.

THINK on me, Lord ; for I am all alone,  
My friends and brethren turn their eyes away ;  
Who love me, fear to let their love be known ;  
Who hate me, boast that none shall say them nay ;  
Think on me, Lord, and open up my way.

They watch my steps—my steps do always err ;  
They catch my words—no word of mine is true ;  
Mine every look hath something sinister ;  
And what lacks meaning they give meaning to ;  
Think on me, Lord ; I wot not what to do.

Think on me, Lord ; I lift mine eyes above,  
And reach out in the darkness for Thy light,  
And reach out in my loneliness for love,  
And in my weakness reach to Thee for might ;  
Think on me, Lord, alone in the dark night.

I think on Thee, whom all forsook and fled,  
And on the loneliness of Love divine,  
And of the thorns they plaited for Thy head :  
And then I think how light are griefs of mine,  
Yea, glorious being a fellowship with Thine.

Think on me, Lord ; for in the name of Him  
Whose name is Love, they compass me with hate ;  
Think on me, Lord ; and in my darkness trim  
The lamp within, that I may calmly wait,  
Loving the more the more disconsolate.

"The heart is deceitful above all things," &c.—JER. xvii. 9.

O HEART, false heart of mine !  
O deep, deceitful sea !

Thou hast no love divine,  
No way of truth is thine,  
But as the mocking wine  
Thou workest death in me.

False heart ! the Tempter's plea  
To thee seems always strong ;  
His lie looks true to thee  
How false soe'er it be,  
For thou art fain to see  
A right for doing wrong.



Hard heart ! where guile and pride  
Are rankling still within,  
Thy guilt, alas ! denied,  
In guilt thou dost abide,  
For thou canst only hide  
Thy sin with other sin.

But vain are all thy pleas,  
Excuses all are vain,  
And vain thy cherished ease;  
Peace cometh not from these ;  
Heart, thou art my disease,  
And root of all my pain.

O heart, false heart of mine !  
O God, this heart renew,  
Take it, and make it thine,  
Break it with truth divine,  
For all my soul doth pine  
To be Thy servant true.

“The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.”—Ps. li. 17.

THE broken heart, the heart contrite  
 Is God’s accepted sacrifice ;  
 Therein He taketh more delight  
 Than costly offerings of price ;  
 In heaven they joy when sinners weep,  
 For Christ the broken heart will take,  
 And safe among His treasures keep—  
 But ah ! my hard heart will not break.

I strive to think of all my sin,  
 My wayward will, my guilty path,  
 The fleshly lusts that war within,  
 And darkening clouds of holy wrath ;  
 I brood on death, and dream of hell  
 Until my soul doth fear and quake ;

I bid it mourn and weep as well—  
But ah ! my hard heart will not break.

O deepest sin and worst of all !  
That I for sin can hardly grieve :  
The guilty terror may appal,  
But no sweet blessing doth it leave ;  
Sweet Spirit, convince my soul of sin ;  
The Comforter from heaven Thou art,  
And all Thy comfort doth begin  
With breaking of the stony heart.

Break, break, thou hard and stony heart !  
To Jesus look on Calvary ;  
Break, break, and from the sins depart  
That nailed Him to the accursed tree ;  
Think of His love and tender grace  
Who trod the wine-press all alone,  
And come into His holy place,  
And break, O break, thou heart of stone.

“My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken Thou me.”—Ps. cxix. 25.

MY God, revive and quicken me ;  
 My soul is cleaving to the dust ;  
 And yet I long to be like Thee,  
 Holy and loving and true and just.

I sought Thee once with all my heart,  
 I found Thee once, and all in Thee,  
 I gladly chose the better part  
 Which none might take away from me.

My soul within me broke, O Lord,  
 • With longing for Thy Holy Law,  
 My Spirit panted for Thy Word,  
 And glorious things in it I saw.

But ah ! the fears and cares that drown  
My better thoughts, my surest trust !  
The weary weight that drags me down !—  
My soul is cleaving to the dust.

Not one great lust, or mortal ill,  
Or one besetting sin alone,  
But countless threads invisible  
Have chained me to the earth like stone.

A little lust for human praise,  
A little natural fear and care,  
A little love of worldly ways,  
Have proved to me no little snare.

Revive my faithless heart anew,  
And cleanse me from its sinful lust,  
Uphold me with Thy mercies true,  
Let not my soul cleave to the dust.

"Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief."—**M**ARK ix. 24.

**M**Y Lord, my God, I do believe ;  
 Thou only my Redeemer art ;  
 But that my soul to Thee may cleave,  
 Thy helpful grace and strength impart ;  
 For I am poor, and only sure  
 Mine is a feeble and faithless heart.

O Light of Light ! Eternal Word !  
 And brightness of the Father's face !  
 O Man of sorrows, gracious Lord,  
 The flower and fulness of our race !  
 I look to Thee ; look Thou on me,  
 And fill me with Thy plenteous grace.



Uphold me with the Almighty arm,  
For I am weak, and long for rest ;  
And with Thy loving-kindness warm  
The feeble love within my breast ;  
And I will cling beneath Thy wing  
The closer I am fondly pressed.

Lord, help me surely to rely  
Upon The Father's faithful care ;  
And help me stoutly to defy  
The chilling whispers of despair—  
The only sin that cannot in  
The riches of Thy mercies share.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee."—Ps. cxxx. 1.

OUT of the depths to Thee I cry,  
O Lord, to me draw near;  
My burdened soul is like to die  
In grief, and gloom, and fear;  
For in the dreadful pit I lie,  
'Mid snares of guilt and sin;  
No light breaks on my longing eye,  
And all is dark within.

All dark to me the face of Heaven,  
And dark my evil way,  
And dark each gracious promise given  
To help our hearts to pray;

Or if the cloud, a moment riven,  
Reveals the path divine,  
Alas ! its gloom is only driven  
More darkly over mine.

'Mid depths of sin and depths of gloom  
And voices of despair,  
I wander on from room to room,  
To know if Christ is there ;  
But when I seem to see His face,  
And think I hear Him call,  
And reach out to His hiding-place,  
'Tis dark and silent all.

Yet, O my God, forsake me not,  
To sorrow and sin and shame ;  
Nor let me live a wretched blot  
Where Thou would'st write Thy name.

Forget not me, though I forgot  
The Lord that died for me ;  
But cleanse from each defiling spot,  
And Thou my portion be.



"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. xii. 2.

O H ! heavy heart and sore,  
What wilt thou do ?

So long and toilsome is thy road,  
So weary is thy grievous load,  
So many the bitter roots of sin,  
So weak the love of God within !  
  
Vex not thyself in anywise,  
For with the task the strength will rise ;  
And comfort you,  
For Jesus grew.

Ah ! eager heart and sad,  
Vexed to have kept

Thine hand awhile from doing good,  
With God so little understood,  
The harvest great, the labourers few,  
And death so near to them and you !  
Yet rest from work, brings work from rest ;  
As God's good sabbath hath confessed ;  
And this accept  
That Jesus slept.

Ah ! troubled heart of doubt  
Whose tears have crept,  
Doubtful if sorrow might have vent,  
Doubtful of hidden discontent,  
Doubtful of some impatient thought,  
Doubtful to grieve at any lot !  
Weep on, and still thy troubled fears,  
Thou hast His fellowship through tears ;  
For Jesus wept  
When Lazarus slept.

My soul, thy Saviour bless  
For His good word,  
For dainties rich in consolation,  
For bread of life and true salvation,  
For crumbs of cheerful comfort too  
Scattered upon His board for you—  
The small humanities kindly given  
To link our common life with heaven,  
Which all afford  
Peace in the Lord.

“Speaking the truth in love.”—EPH. iv. 15.

DEAR Lord, I thank Thee for the word  
Of warning which I needed well :

Yet he that did the message tell  
Was no apostle of the Lord.

A bitter word it was to say,  
A bitter word for me to hear ;  
A wholesome bitter, but I fear  
He liked it better every way.

What had I done to him ? From Thee  
The stern reproof was mercy true ;  
But wherefore should he choose to do  
A painful errand cruelly.

So sharply he the message bore  
I almost thought it could not be  
My Father's faithful word to me,  
And well nigh drove him from my door.

Forgive me, Lord : that priest of hate  
Came on an errand of Thy love,  
For that sweet grace which reigns above  
Through very wrath may circulate.

But should'st Thou lay on me the stress  
Of such a task of stern reproof,  
Let tender kindness be the woof  
To that hard warp of righteousness.

Thy message by the patient dove  
Shall best the sinner's soul rebuke,  
With kindly tone and gentle look  
Always speaking the truth in Love.

"After the fire a still small voice."—I KINGS xix. 12.

SILENTLY the tender dew  
Falls on drooping leaf and blade,  
Shrinking from the curious view,  
Working modest in the shade,  
But the earth to live anew  
By its quiet power is made.

Silently the glorious light  
Rushes in a golden stream,  
And if nothing check its might,  
Hardly do we note its beam ;  
Yet its quiet radiance bright  
Is the force of life supreme.

Tempests rage with troubled noise,  
Working desolations dire,  
Yet the earth doth soon rejoice,  
Soon their energies expire :  
God is in the still, small voice  
More than in the storm and fire.

Not for mighty rushing wind,  
Nor for lightning's flash we pray ;  
But for dews upon the mind,  
And for shining light alway :  
So shall God His glory find,  
And we shall grow from day to day.

Let the true light shine, and prove  
All our hidden depths of sin ;  
Let the calm dew from above  
Freshen holier thoughts within ;  
Let the still, small voice of Love  
All our souls to Jesus win.

“In the night His song shall be with me.”—Ps. xlvi. 8.

OFT in the dark and windless night,  
When all is wrapt in silent shade,  
The tender dew, in room of light,  
Revives the drooping leaf and blade ;  
So in the dark my fainting heart  
Is oft refreshed by gracious dew ;  
I cannot see, or see in part,  
Yet Faith revives and lives anew.

Still in the dark the tree roots grow,  
And clasp the earth with firmer hold ;  
By day the sap doth upward flow,  
By night the tap-roots search the mould ;

So in the dark, though groping dim,  
Do Faith and Love extend their grasp,  
And seek fresh stores of grace in Him,  
And clasp Him with a firmer clasp.

Lo ! in the dark the Father's hand  
Holds firmly up His trembling child,  
And tender word and fond command  
Speak peace to all his terrors wild ;  
Let me not murmur that the dark  
Alternates surely with the day,  
For there are songs by night to mark  
His faithful love and gracious way.

Songs in the night of sorrow drear,  
Songs in the wintry gloom of doubt,  
Songs by the coffin and the bier,  
Songs within when all dark without ;

God-given songs of Praise and Hope,  
The melodies of chastening grief,  
Which from the wounded Spirit drop,  
Bringing a meek and sweet relief.



“ He forgiveth all thine iniquities,” &c.—Ps. ciii. 3.

BLESS God who doth thy soul redeem  
And hath thy sins forgiven ;  
Bless Him who makes thy darkness gleam  
With glorious lights from heaven.  
Praise God for all His blessed word  
That shows the blessed way,  
And for the grace He doth accord,  
And for the right to pray.

I praise Thee for Thy glorious Son  
Who tasted death for me ;  
And for the True and Holy One  
Who witnesseth for Thee;

I praise Thee for the best of Friends,  
For counsel true and wise,  
And for the day that never ends,  
The life that never dies.

For all the gospel of His Love,

The gospel of His Son,

The gospel of the Holy Dove,

We praise the Lord alone.

Praise God for lowly Bethlehem,

Praise God for Calvary,

And for the new Jerusalem

Which He prepares for thee.

“All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.”—Ps. cxlv. 10.

BRIGHTLY the day breaks in the skies,  
 And spreads along the mountain tops,  
 And all God’s little birds arise  
 To praise His name in leafy copse ;  
 The mountains and the hills rejoice,  
 And dews upon the twinkling sod,  
 And streams with laughter in their voice  
 Leap forth into the light of God.

Lo ! all Thy works do praise Thee, Lord ;  
 Thy glorious beauty they enshrine,  
 And with their joyful strains accord  
 Laud to the only name divine ;

And censers swing and small bells ring  
From blossoms of the gladsome tree,  
And all in Thy great temple sing ;  
But man the priest of all must be.

Clothe me, O Lord, with holy beauty,  
Anoint me with the oil of grace,  
And in devotion high and duty  
Bring me unto Thine altar-place ;  
For still the creature groans until  
The sons of God arise and pay,  
With conscious mind and heart and will,  
The adorations of the day.

O help me to interpret these  
Songs of Thy glorious Temple here ;  
To point the murmur of the seas  
With thoughts of majesty and fear ;

To voice the worship of the hills,  
And gladness of the dewy sod,  
And sing out with the singing rills  
Their joy amid the light of God.



“ And he showed me a pure river of water,” &c.—REV. xxii. 1.

FROM the Eternal fountain flowing,  
Where the tree of life is growing,  
There is a river full and free ;  
Cloudless sun is shining ever  
Glorious on the flowing river,  
Glorious on the fruitful tree.

Thither troop from Death’s dark portal,  
Led by angels, bands immortal  
All in raiment clean and white ;  
And its banks are always ringing  
With the new song they are singing  
From the new heart’s great delight.

But this river disappeareth  
Where the gates of pearl it neareth,  
Yet it flows eternally ;  
Nor beginning hath, nor ending ;  
For its hiding is its wending  
Down to earth at Calvary.

Thence it flows to every nation,  
Bearing on its tide Salvation  
. To all people here below,  
Bringing to men's sons and daughters  
Healing in its blessed waters,  
Making them as white as snow.

Lord, from bonds of sin release us,  
Wash us, heal our souls' diseases,  
And our song shall sing Thy praise ;  
Ever new, because for ever  
Flows new blessing from the river  
Of Thy mercies all our days.

“ My people . . . have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns,”  
&c.—JER. ii. 13.

A H ! the broken cisterns lying  
All along the path we trod,  
With the weary and the dying  
Vainly looking there for God  
To relieve them of their load.

Eagerly we sought them, saying,  
Surely yonder there is peace ;  
And we clasped them, fondly praying,  
Lord, let now our trouble cease,  
From our burden give release.

Ah ! the broken cisterns weary !  
And the dull, despairing mood,  
And the cry of spirits dreary !  
“ Who will show us any good ?  
How shall God be understood ? ”

Leave we now each broken cistern ;  
Breaking hearts around them be :  
Waiting at the narrow postern,  
Jesus, we have come to Thee,  
Fount of living waters free.

“ All my springs are in Thee.”—Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

HIS springs are all in thee,  
O many fountained Hill,  
Dear Hill of God, where He  
Leadeth His flock, and we  
Who do His will  
Are taught the mystery.

The spring of healing might  
That from His wounded side  
Poured forth its waters bright,  
Still full on Zion height  
It doth abide  
Unto the soul's delight.

And down the valleys flow  
Sweet streams of tender grace  
That wash us white as snow,  
Make glad the heart of woe,  
And wrinkled face  
Like blooming youth to grow.

And he that thirsteth sore  
A fountain there shall find,  
Divine, that runneth o'er  
With satisfying lore  
For heart and mind,  
And he shall thirst no more.

Thy wells are never dry,  
Nor ever far away,  
In depths of God they lie,  
And God is always nigh  
The pilgrim's way  
Through life until he die.

His well-springs are in Thee,  
O many-fountained Hill :  
Yet other sheep hath He  
Than here impastured be,  
Who do His will,  
And drink His waters free.

"My soul is weary of my life," &c.—JOB. x. 1.

WEARY, weary of life,  
Weary in heart and brain,  
Weary of all the sordid strife  
Where the high war for truth and a noble life  
Sinks into a scramble for gain ;

Weary, weary to see  
Man like the sheep of a flock—  
Man with his nature so large and free—  
Follow the bell-wether, Custom, and be  
Bound like a brute to the yoke ;

Weary, weary to hear  
The Word that was mighty to save  
Gone to an echo that, year by year,  
Rings traditions of wrath and fear  
Dark and dead as the grave;

Weary, weary of all  
The world and the ways of men,  
And the long strife of ages, bitter and small;  
Jesus, I seek Thee, and find in Thee all  
The truth and its glory again.

Weary, weary no more,  
Life wakens up with the light,  
To face the high task or the grief at its door,  
With a great joy of love in its very heart's core,  
As an armed man girded with might.

"They do it to obtain a corruptible crown."—**I COR. ix. 25.**

FADING crowns ! fading crowns !  
Withered leaves and cankered gold !  
Fondly sought, and dearly bought,  
For you the better part was sold ;  
And we are weary now and old.

Fading crowns ! fading crowns !  
On wrinkled brow and hoary head,  
With listless air of jaded care,  
All your dew and glory shed,  
Dying, ye but crown the dead.

Fading crowns, fading crowns !  
Poor the triumphs hardly got :  
Lord, give us grace to run the race,  
And win the crown that fadeth not,  
Which the Cross for us hath bought.

Fading crowns, fading crowns !  
Ye the crowns of sorrow be :  
But the thorn by Jesus worn  
Blossoms, O my soul, for Thee  
With glory and immortality.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—I TIM. vi. 12.

SOLDIER of the Cross, arise,  
Quit thee faithful in the strife ;  
Thine shall be a glorious prize,  
Crowned with everlasting life.

Take the weapons of thy war,  
Helm and breast-plate, sword and shield ;  
Those no carnal weapons are  
Which the sons of God must wield.

Helmet of salvation thine,  
Thine the triple shield of faith,  
And thy sword the Word divine,  
Vanquisher of sin and death.

Trust not cunning, skill, or craft,  
Trust not victory to get  
By shining steel, or poisoned shaft ;  
God has never blessed them yet.

There is healing in the pain  
Which thy sword to men may give,  
When thine enemies are slain,  
Only then they truly live.

Loving what is right and true,  
What is lovely, what is pure ;  
Well resolvëd what to do,  
Girt with patience to endure ;

Scorning what is mean and base,  
Hating every heartless lie ;  
Clasp the Cross in thine embrace—  
Suffering is thy victory.

“Fight the good fight of faith.”—**I TIM. vi. 12.**

**S**OLDIER of the Cross, obey,  
Follow where thy Saviour led,  
Whether it be night or day,  
'Mong the living, or the dead.

Lo ! it is not thine to say  
When to march, and when to rest,  
When to watch, and when to pray ;  
Do His will, He knoweth best.

In the dust and tumult we  
Know but a little part and dim ;  
Only He the field can see—  
Trust the battle all to Him.

Trust His wisdom, truth, and right,  
    Trust in mercy from above,  
Trust the might of growing light,  
    Trust the winning power of Love.

Yours is still the fight of faith ;  
    Faith the battle won before—  
Faith amid the gloom of death,  
    Faith in God for evermore.

“ When I am weak, then am I strong.”—**2 COR. xii. 10.**

I HAD a battle once to fight,  
And suffered loss ;  
  
And much I grieved to think that right  
Was matched unequally with might,  
  
And I was humbled day and night  
  
Beneath my cross :  
  
Yet glory afterwards I found  
Upon that stricken battle ground.

I had another task to do,  
And thought I won  
  
High trophies by achievements true,  
And valiant and victorious too ;

And O the pride that in me grew  
So to have done !  
Yet after on that boasted ground  
But shame and failure could be found.

Dear Saviour, let me do Thy will,  
And leave to Thee  
The issues of the conflict still,  
The seeming good and seeming ill ;  
For Thou Thy purpose wilt fulfil  
Whether they be  
Losses or trophies that are found  
Upon Thy people's battle ground.

They "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—HEB. xi. 13.

L ORD, we are pilgrims here,  
Resting a night ;  
Waiting our call to hear  
At morning light ;  
Humble our fare may be,  
Thankful no less are we,  
Parting more easily  
From small delight.

Lord, we are pilgrims poor ;  
But Thou art right,  
He goeth nimblest sure  
Who goeth light ;

Riches we would not heap,  
Burdens they were to keep,  
Cares only should we reap  
By day and night.

Lord, we are pilgrims true,  
Nor would go back ;  
E'er since Thy love we knew  
Nothing we lack ;  
Dark is the earth with sin,  
And we would glory win,  
Let not our pace begin  
Now to be slack.

Lord, we are pilgrims all,  
Hastening to Thee ;  
Forward, whate'er befal,  
Our path must be ;

Our Home in Heaven is,  
Glory and blessedness,  
Rest and eternal peace  
There we shall see.

Lord, do Thou bring us all  
Back when we stray ;  
And let us never fall  
Out by the way ;  
Still let us sing Thy praise,  
Still serve the God of grace,  
Still do with cheerfulness  
What good we may.

**“Behold, now is the accepted time,” &c.—2 COR. vi. 2.**

**N**OW is the accepted time,  
 Now the day of our salvation,  
 Now the Lord of heaven sublime  
     Bears the sinner’s condemnation ;  
 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,  
     Come to Him, and take his yoke ;  
     Light the burden of his folk.

He hath brought down God to earth,  
     Man to raise again to Heaven ;  
 He was born a virgin’s birth,  
     That the new birth might be given  
     To us hapless, lifeless, sapless,  
         Withered branches, dead in sin ;  
         Come to Christ and glory win.

Lord, this precious now is ours,  
Let us hear Thine invitation ;  
Christ is knocking at our doors  
With the proffer of salvation ;  
But to-morrow may be sorrow,  
Woe and anguish, and the cry  
Too late, too late ! the hour is by.

"The earnest of our inheritance."—EPH. i. 14.

Up the river flows the tide,  
Where the stream is deep and wide,  
And the stately ships do ride  
Under the hills and trees ;  
The sea-waves toss, the sea-birds fly,  
And fresh sea-airs come floating by,  
Where woodland glades and pastures lie,  
The haunt of murmuring bees.

Up the stream of life there flows  
A tide of Heaven and bless to those  
Who in the calm and deep repose  
Of Faith hold on their way ;

Bright waters from the ocean vast  
Tell them that Heaven is near at last,  
And morning airs come floating past  
From the Eternal day.



"Them also which sleep in Jesus."—I THES. iv. 14.

A SLEEP in Jesus ! Death no more !  
They all have gone to rest,  
Their grief and pain and trouble o'er,  
Upon His breast.

Asleep in Jesus ! Though the night  
Long to the watcher seems,  
To them 'tis but a slumber light  
With glorious dreams.

Asleep in Jesus ! Day will break,  
And they who slept all night,  
Enfolded in His love, shall wake  
To endless light.

Asleep in Jesus ! It is well  
That rest hath come at length,  
For when the fever's o'er, they tell,  
Sleep giveth strength.

Now earth may toss, and suffer loss  
In many a stormy mood,  
But they who rest upon His breast  
Have slumber good.

•

Weep not for them ; O weep no more ;  
Their sorrows all are past,  
And lo ! within the shining door  
They stand at last.

Asleep in Jesus ! Grant us grace,  
And may our dying be  
A resting in Thy loved embrace,  
A sleep in Thee.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions.”—JOHN xiv. 2.

O HAPPY mansions of the blest,  
Our Father’s home, our glorious rest,  
Where I shall be no passing guest,  
But dwell for evermore!

I know not what your glories be,  
But Christ prepares a place for me,  
And he doth all things perfectly  
Both now and evermore.

Now we are here in fear and gloom,  
And some are in the silent tomb,  
And Christ is in an upper room  
With God for evermore;

But through the dim partition wall  
The Lord can hear us when we call,  
And one day He will lead us all  
Up there for evermore.

The little children there shall find  
A better home, a Father kind ;  
And wisdom for the thoughtful mind  
Shall grow for evermore.

And there the weary rest in peace,  
And there shall sin and trouble cease,  
And grace and blessing shall increase  
To them for evermore.

No night shall darken on their day,  
The Lamb shall be their light for aye,  
And God, the Lord, shall wipe away  
Their tears for evermore.

Arrayed in garments white and clean  
That in the blood of Christ have been  
Washed whiter than the snow, I ween,  
They sing for evermore.

They praise the Father's Holy name,  
They praise the Lamb who died for them,  
They praise the Holy Ghost who came  
To guide them evermore.

O Lord, who dost prepare the place,  
Prepare me also by Thy grace,  
That I may live, and see Thy face  
In Heaven for evermore.

"And I saw another mighty angel," &c.—REV. x. 1.

CLOTHED with a cloud,  
With a rainbow round His head,  
And in thunder speaking loud,  
Down from Heaven an angel sped ;  
Planting one foot on the land,  
And another on the sea,  
There He lifted up His hand,  
And in dreadful majesty  
By the mighty God He swore  
That Time should be no more.

The wicked shall not flourish,  
Nor the godly be oppressed,  
The faithful shall not perish,  
Nor the faithless shall have rest ;

But in Holiness and Trust,  
Or in guilt of heart and will,  
The Just shall still be just,  
And the filthy, filthy still ;  
So the mighty angel swore  
That Time should be no more.

The changes and the trials  
And the hopes of men are past ;  
The trumpets and the vials  
And the plagues are done at last ;  
The stream of life is frozen,  
With its hope and fear and strife ;  
Christ hath gathered up his chosen  
Whom He ransomed with His life ;  
So the mighty angel swore  
That Time should be no more.

Never more shall gospel tidings  
Call the sinner back to God ;

Never more the Shepherd's guidance  
Comfort with His staff and rod ;  
Never more the Father's yearning  
Pleadeth for His children's faith ;  
But the wages men are earning  
Shall be paid to them in death ;  
So the mighty angel swore  
That Time should be no more.

Seek the Lord while He is near,  
For His grace aboundeth ever ;  
Call on Him while He will hear,  
For His mercy faileth never :  
But there comes a dreadful day  
To the unbelieving soul,  
When the Heavens shall pass away  
Like the burning of a scroll ;  
And Time shall be no more,  
As the mighty angel swore.

“ In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, &c  
I COR. xv. 52.

THE Trumpet shall sound,  
And the dead shall arise ;  
The dust of the ground  
Trooping up to the skies,  
In forms bright and glorious,  
Or gloomy and drear,  
Triumphant, victorious,  
Or abject with fear ;  
For the judgment is near.

The four winds shall bring  
The dust they have tossed  
In their world-wandering—  
A great mighty host ;

The sea shall discover  
The dead that be there,  
And the grave shall give over  
The old gates of despair,  
And her secrets lay bare.

The rocks shall not hide,  
Nor the night's gloomy wing ;  
No one may abide  
When the summons shall ring ;  
But age drooping hoary,  
And babe shall be there,  
'Mid the terror and glory  
Of God in the air—  
God everywhere.

And first from the tomb  
All His saints shall arise,  
In immortal bloom  
Soaring bright to the skies,

Rejoicing and leaving  
Corruption behind  
And sorrow and grieving  
And trouble of mind,  
All glory to find.

Lord, grant in Thy grace  
That we may be there,  
To look in Thy face  
And not in despair,  
All there with the lowly  
Who slept in the Lord,  
And there with the Holy  
Who rise at His word  
Whom they loved and adored.

H Y M N S  
FROM THE  
LIFE AND SAYINGS OF JESUS.



“When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman.”—GAL. iv. 4.

EARTH was waiting, spent and restless,  
With a mingled hope and fear ;  
And the faithful few were sighing,  
“Surely, Lord, the day is near ;  
The desire of all the nations  
It is time He should appear.”

Still the gods were in their temples,  
But the ancient faith had fled ;  
And the priests stood by their altars  
Only for a piece of bread ;  
And the Oracles were silent,  
And the Prophets all were dead.

In the sacred courts of Zion,  
Where the Lord had his abode,  
There the money-changers trafficked,  
And the sheep and oxen trod ;  
And the world because of wisdom  
Knew not either Lord or God.

Then the spirit of the Highest  
On a virgin meek came down,  
And He burdened her with blessing,  
And He pained her with renown ;  
For she bare the Lord's anointed  
For His cross and for His crown.

Earth for Him had groaned and travailed,  
Since the ages first began ;  
For in Him was hid the secret  
That through all the ages ran—  
Son of Mary, Son of David,  
Son of God, and Son of man.

“ Unto you is born this day a Saviour, ” &c.—LUKE ii. 11.

**N**OW, Christ is born in Bethlehem  
 All in the winter drear ;  
 And up in high Jerusalem  
 King Herod quakes with fear :  
 But Faith and Love await on Him,  
 And prayer shall never cease  
 For Jesus born at Bethlehem,  
 The glorious Prince of Peace.

They have no chamber in the Inn  
 For her, the mother-maid ;  
 And He that saves the world from sin  
 Is in a manger laid ;

But Magi are adoring Him  
With incense, myrrh, and gold—  
Our Jesus born at Bethlehem,  
As Holy Prophets told.

Now all the powers of Hell arise  
In wrath and sore dismay ;  
And all the Host of Heaven defies  
Their hate and fierce array ;  
For glorying in Immanuel's name  
The joyful angels sing  
That Christ is born in Bethlehem,  
The Lord's anointed King.

The reign of Darkness now is past,  
And wrath and hate and war;  
The Day of God is come at last,  
The bright and morning star :

It is the birth of a new earth,  
Not of a little child—  
This Jesus, born at Bethlehem  
Of virgin undefiled.

Lord, may our hearts be opened wide  
Unto this Heavenly guest ;  
A garnished chamber there provide  
Where He may fitly rest ;  
O make our hearts a Bethlehem  
Where Christ is born again ;  
And crown Him with His Diadem,  
And let Him come and reign.

"Behold there came wise men from the east," &c.—MATT. ii. 1.

MAGI from Chaldea came from afar  
 To Jesus at Bethlehem, led by His star :  
 Nature her homage thus would accord  
 And witness and glory unto her Lord.

Erring their wisdom, erring their creeds,  
 But true hearts and humble God surely leads ;  
 A way that they knew not He found for them  
 To all truth and wisdom in Bethlehem.

Thus came the stranger unto the Lord,  
 And Him in the manger gladly adored,  
 Worshipping lowly with incense and gold  
 God the most Holy, Christ the foretold.

Lord, in all ages meek ones there be,  
Wisdom's high sages, star-led by Thee ;  
Lordly their nature, lordly they bring  
Their riches and sweetness, gifts to the King.

O for the true heart humble and meek ;  
O for the new heart, Jesus to seek ;  
Following light ever, stedfast and calm ;  
Surely all light leadeth up to the Lamb.

"Great is the mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh."

I TIM. iii. 16.

O GOD, most high and wonderful Thou art,  
 But ne'er so high and wonderful as now,  
 When bending to a servant's lowly part,  
 With sweat of toil and sorrow on Thy brow.

Men wonder at the wonders wrought by Thee ;  
 'Twere marvel if no marvels Thou hadst done ;  
 But of all wonders marvellous to me  
 The greatest Thou—God's well-beloved Son.

God's fullness dwelling in a little child !

God's power all wielded by a weary man !

God's glory in a life so meek and mild,

Exalted by the lowly artisan !

O glorious King ! folding in ragged cloak  
Thine emblems and insignia of might,  
To taste the sorrows of Thy sinful folk,  
And know the darkness of their troubled night ;

Through all Thy weakness and humanity  
Thy royal greatness could not but appear ;  
For what the Father doth was done by Thee,  
That Faith and Hope might worship in Thy fear ;

But never was the Glorious name Divine,  
By holiest Law, or high creative might,  
So glorified as in that life of Thine,  
Which is the Fount of mercy and of light.

O emptied of Thy Majesty ! to feel  
Our burden and our trial and our rod,  
To Thee, in whom all fullness dwells, we kneel,  
And bow before the lowness of God.

“Now, when all the people were baptized, it came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized,” &c.—Luke iii. 21.

THE healing graft and natural vine  
Their separate lives in one combine ;  
Alike they grow, alike they share  
The common sun, the common air,  
The pruning knife, the falling rain :  
For they are one who yet are twain.

And Christ, the Branch, the one True Vine,  
So blends with ours the life Divine ;  
So shared our lot of pain and woe  
And grace and duty here below,  
And was with us baptized for sin  
That we the better life might win.

The heavens that opened o'er Him bright  
For us unveiled their glorious light,  
The Dove that rested on His head  
For us its gracious errand sped ;  
The voice that blessed the Holy one  
Proclaimed our sonship in the Son.

Now we in Him are born again ;  
In Him our grief, in Him our pain,  
In Him our sin itself shall die,  
And Death be Immortality ;  
Such glory unto us hath given  
The Branch Divine, the Lord from Heaven.

“ And Jesus, being full of the Holy Ghost, was led by the spirit  
into the wilderness,” &c.—LUKE iv. 1.

F AINT and weary, Jesus stood  
In the awful wilderness ;  
Yet it was the Spirit good  
Brought Him to that sore distress :  
For the people whom He loved  
Dark temptations. Him befell ;  
But His very weakness proved  
Mightier than the powers of Hell.

Tempted by a fleshly lust,  
Unto earth the foe He hurled :  
And He trampled in the dust  
All the glory of the world :

Tempted by a promise sooth,  
Glozed into a subtile lie,  
By another word of truth  
He unmasked the enemy.

He was tempted that He might  
Succour us when sorely tried ;  
And He triumphed by the light  
Which must also be our guide ;  
He our enemy hath met,  
He will give us victory ;  
Help us, Lord, when hard beset,  
Still to look and learn of Thee.

Not by bread alone we live,  
Thy good word our life shall be :  
Not for all that earth can give  
Shall we worship aught but Thee :

Nor the word of promise bend  
E'er to tempt our God in Heaven :  
Never for unholy end  
Was the gracious promise given.



"Can the children of the bridechamber fast," &c.  
MATT. ix. 15.

CHILDREN of the bridal room,  
While the Bridegroom still is near,  
Your's is not to fast and gloom,  
Like the mourners by the tomb ;  
Your's the glory and the bloom :  
Joy ! for Christ is here.

Clothe ye all in white array ;  
Bridal garments shining clear,  
Brighter than the light of day,  
He provideth ; therefore lay  
All your filthy rags away ;  
Joy ! for Christ is here.

Let the oil of gladness flow ;  
Let the beaming face appear ;  
Let the gladsome tidings go,  
“ Peace and good will on earth below !  
And glory to the Lord shall grow.”  
Joy ! for Christ is here.

Take the timbrel, raise the song,  
Glad the bridegroom with your cheer :  
Praise Him for His love is strong ;  
Praise His beauty in the throng,  
Praise Him for He hateth wrong,  
Joy ! for Christ is here.

Christ is here ! let us be glad ;  
Grace and truth in Him appear :  
Christless once the life we had,  
And the Christless life was sad ;  
Leave the sorrow with the bad :  
Joy ! for Christ is here.

“ And sayeth to the men, come see a man,” &c.—JOHN iv. 29.

H E told me all my former ways,  
He told me all my sin ;  
He brought back old forgotten days,  
He searched my heart within ;  
He told me all that e'er I did,  
And yet my heart rejoiced ;  
He did not break the bruised reed :  
And is not this the Christ ?

O no more to Jerusalem,  
Nor yet to Gerizim !  
No oracle is found in them,  
But God abides in Him ;

The Living water He will give,  
And we shall thirst no more ;  
No more with hopeless longing live  
As we did heretofore.

I wot not all the blessed things  
That I have heard Him say ;  
I only know new life He brings,  
And better light than day ;  
But come, and hear what He will tell,  
This meek and gracious Jew ;  
Where He sits tired by Jacob's well,  
There God will meet with you.

“They awoke him, saying, Master, Master, we perish,” &c.  
LUKE viii. 24.

O MASTER, awake !  
Dost Thou not heed ?  
  
The stormy waves break,  
We perish indeed ;  
  
And Thou art asleep,  
While we ply the oar  
  
All night 'mid the deep,  
And see not the shore ;  
  
O Master, awake,  
For we fear and quake.

Sad murmur of sin !  
Yet murmur of Faith !

Their hearts sank within  
At the terror of death,  
And they wist He forgot  
As He slept on the wave ;  
Yet for Him they feared not,  
For they knew He could save ;  
They have faith while they quake,  
Crying, Master, awake !

Ah ! little of Faith !  
Strong only in fear !  
For us is no death  
While Jesus is near ;  
Sure watch he was keeping  
When true ills befell ;  
And if now He is sleeping,  
Be sure all is well ;  
Then fear not, nor quake,  
Though ye cry, Master, wake !

But yet in your terror  
Look ever to Him :  
Faith, mingled with error,  
Faith, feeble and dim,  
Faith, murmuring even,  
Impatient of ill,  
Shall yet hear from Heaven  
The Lord's “ Peace, be still ! ”  
And the waters shall hear,  
And the land shall be near.

**"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," &c.**  
**MATT. xi. 28.**

O COME unto me, come hither all ye  
 That labour and heavy-laden be,  
 Take up my yoke, and learn of me,  
 For I am meek and lowly.  
 Rest ye are seeking, but rest is not there,  
 Harvesting sorrow in bundles of care :  
 But peace like a river is flowing fair  
 In God most High and Holy.

Something of God still abides in the breast,  
 Something that ne'er in the creature may rest :  
 Peace cometh only to hearts that are pressed  
 Close to the Meek and Lowly :

Rests the young brood 'neath the mother-bird's wing ;  
Souls only rest when their sorrows they bring  
Unto the Father of spirits, and cling  
To God most High and Holy.



**"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."**  
**LUKE xvi. 10.**

I LONGED for something great  
Which I might do  
For Him who left His high estate,  
And bowed unto the sinner's fate,  
And throughly knew  
All sorrows, being Himself immaculate.

But while I longed to find  
Some lofty task  
Meet for the great heroic mind,  
The fond desire became a blind,  
And sinful mask  
For much neglect and duty fallen behind.

Forgive me, Lord, and teach  
My soul to feel  
That little charities of speech,  
And little mercies each to each  
Both help and heal,  
And make a life as great as heroes reach.

Perchance 'twill ne'er be mine  
Great things to do ;  
But if my task I reckon Thine,  
And do it with a love divine,  
Lord, in Thy view  
Faithful in littles like the stars shall shine.

'Tis not more hard to be  
Bravely sublime,  
Than to be meek and just and free  
In the dull uniformity  
Of common time,  
Keeping a great heart in mean poverty.

“Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven,” &c.—MATT. vi. 19.

WHERE moth and rust corrupteth not,  
Nor thief breaks through to steal,  
Where change and trouble are forgot,  
Our treasures we conceal.

Our portion is not here, O Lord,  
Our riches are in Thee :  
And where our wealth is safely stored  
Even there our hearts would be.

The worldling trembles for his gold,  
He dreads the changeful hours ;  
But though our riches be untold,  
No fear of loss is ours.

For nought can take Thy peace away,  
Nor aught Thy grace impair,  
And nought can make Thy Love decay ;  
And all our wealth is there.

No tarnish comes upon our gold,  
Our silver is most fine,  
Our raiment never waxeth old,  
Our jewels, Lord, are Thine.

Then let us hold on cheerfully  
The path which Thou hast trod ;  
Our wealth in Thee, our hearts with Thee,  
All hid with Thee in God.

“Judge not that ye be not judged.”—MATT. vii. 1.

I GAZED across the wall  
    Into my neighbour’s field,  
To watch the weeds so tall  
    That half his corn concealed ;  
I watched them all ‘day long  
    From early morn till eve,  
They grew so rank and strong  
    I could not choose but grieve.

I watched them day by day,  
    And much the man I blamed,  
For he was light and gay  
    Who should have been ashamed ;

I brought my friends to see,  
Nor did we fail to brand  
The careless husbandry  
Of that neglected land.

The drizzling rain by night  
Would bring me to my post  
By dawn of morning light,  
To see which throve the most.  
  
I watched the rank weeds grow  
With deepening interest still,  
As flower began to blow,  
And seed began to fill.

It grieved me sore to think  
Of all that wingéd seed ;  
Nor longer might I shrink  
To tell the truth indeed :

I framed a stern rebuke,  
For faithful I would be,  
And wore the virtuous look  
Of moral Pharisee.

---

But when I came, he gazed  
Across my garden wall,  
Astounded and amazed  
To see my weeds so tall ;  
And such another look  
Of virtuous Pharisee,  
And such a stern rebuke  
My neighbour had for me.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like leaven," &c.—MATT. xiii. 33.

A S the leaven in the meal,  
    Hide Thy grace, Lord, in my heart ;  
Leaven on the surface spread  
    Soon corrupteth, being dead,  
    And no virtue doth impart.

As it leavens grain by grain,  
    Till the lump is quick throughout,  
So mine every power subdue,  
    Every thought and feeling too,  
    And desire and fear and doubt.

Leaven in a heap of sand  
Hath no power or might divine ;  
But meal and leaven do agree,  
Having strange affinity,  
As our spirits, Lord, with Thee.

Wherefore let Thy Kingdom come,  
Lord, exalt Thy throne in me ;  
In the heart let it begin,  
Spreading ever from within  
Till it fill me full of Thee.

“If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.”—MATT. vi. 15.

OUR Father in Heaven, true Father of Light,  
Who findest in mercy Thy chiefest delight,  
Now meekly we seek Thee, confessing our sin,  
O save us, and give us the true heart within.

No wrong we would cherish, no wrath at our foe ;  
Lord, show us Thy mercy, as mercy we show ;  
We sinned altogether, together we pray ;  
Forgiving each other, forgive us this day.

As Jesus hath loved us, so teach us to love,  
Still wise as the serpent, yet meek as the dove ;  
Still bearing our burden, yet bearing it so  
That the pressure shall only make pity to flow.

O Father, our Father, Thy children are we,  
All brethren in Jesus, all ransomed and free,  
All bound in one bundle of life by the blood  
That redeemed us from sin, and restored us to God.

Then guide us when snares and temptations beset,  
Let none of us know the sharp pangs of regret,  
Let none of us perish, let all of us feel  
The sorrows of each, and rejoice in their weal.

"They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them."—MATT. xxv. 3.

**L**O ! the foolish virgins go  
Empty vessels with them bearing ;  
Soon their lamps will glimmer low,  
And there is no oil to flow,  
When the others are preparing  
From the vessels they are bearing.

Foolish virgins ! waiting long,  
Sleeping while your lamps are waning :  
Hark ! it is the bridal throng  
With the timbrel and the song,  
And there is no oil remaining,  
And your feeble lamps are waning.

Foolish virgins ! sudden care  
Cometh at the midnight dreary :  
Empty vessels are a snare,  
And the rest have none to spare :  
Whither will ye wander weary,  
Crying at the midnight dreary ?

Foolish virgins ! soon the door  
Shall be closed upon your knocking :  
Late ! too late, the time is o'er !  
Late ! too late for evermore !  
Vainly now the Lord invoking,  
None may open to your knocking.

Foolish virgins ! while the day  
Lasteth of your visitation,  
For the oil of gladness pray ;  
Christ will never say you nay :  
Ready is His sure salvation  
All the day of visitation.

"The birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

MATT. xiii. 32.

O FEEBLE was the seed and small ;  
But stately now the tree !

Birds of the air are nestling there,  
And singing, Lord, to Thee.

The Kings and Princes all combined  
To crush the seed divine ;  
But only broke upon the rock  
That shields this plant of Thine.

And locusts spread o'er all the earth,  
And canker-worms assailed ;  
But strong in faith, through many a death,  
It grew and still prevailed.

For Thou, Lord, wer't the husband-man,  
This plant Thy cherished care ;  
And Thou did'st guide both wrath and pride,  
And every fear and snare.

They all wrought out Thy high design  
To save the world from sin,—  
Both winds that blow, and frost and snow,  
And canker-worm within.

And now like birds among the boughs  
The peoples gathered be ;  
They nestle there from fear and care,  
And rear their young for Thee.

Lord, let no strife or malice rage  
In all this Holy place ;  
But let them sing to Christ the King,  
And praise His plenteous grace.

And glory to the Father be  
Who loved His children lost,  
And to the Son who triumph won  
And to the Holy Ghost.



“He said, I will arise and go to my Father.”—LUKE xv. 18.

I WAS friendless, homeless, lonely,  
Sad as sinful heart could be ;  
Drifting, helpless, without anchor,  
Far upon a stormy sea,  
To the dark shores and the shipwreck  
Of a dread eternity.

Father’s home I had forsaken,  
Breaking all its loving ties,  
And the swine’s husk I had eaten,  
That no spirit satisfies ;  
I had hewn out broken cisterns,  
Fled to refuges of lies.

Then I said that men were liars,  
Friends were fickle and unkind,  
Youth like sheep among the briars,  
Which the briars have entwined  
But to rob the tender fleeces,  
And to close the path behind.

And I thought that God in anger  
Had no pity for His child,  
That He cared no more for sinners,  
Suffering, sorrowing, and beguiled ;  
And my heart grew hard, despairing ;  
And my way was more defiled.

Then I heard a voice proclaiming,  
Come, and I will give you rest ;  
And I rose, and went desponding,  
And my guilty sins confessed ;  
And the Father I had hated  
Drew me fondly to His breast.

O to think of angels singing,  
“Now the lost is found again!”  
O the wonder and the gladness  
Overcoming like a pain!  
Let Thy faithful love, O Father,  
My faithless heart sustain.

“Mary hath chosen that good part,” &c.—LUKE x. 42.

LORD, I would choose the better part  
Which none may take away from me;  
Let me not fret with anxious heart,  
But sit at peace, and hold with Thee  
Communion sweet here at Thy feet.

There be that love Thee well and true,  
And yet they vex their souls with care,  
For still much service they will do,  
And many needless vessels bear,  
And they with such are cumbered much.

They love Thee, Lord, and Thy good word,  
Yet of Thy joy they stint their heart,  
And grudge the peace Thou dost accord  
To them that choose the better part ;  
And, idly faint, they make complaint.

The one thing needful let me do,  
Nor let my service cumber me ;  
Who serve the Lord must hold in view  
They need Him more than needeth He ;  
Who serve Him best in Him too rest.

So would I rest, Lord, at Thy feet,  
. And learn of Thee, and look above ;  
Doing the service that is meet,  
But free to worship and to love,  
And find increase of grace and peace.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here."—MATT. xvii. 4.

O HOLY Mount! my soul awakes  
When through the veil His glory breaks,  
And in the gloom a sunshine makes ;  
O Christ, to see Thy Glory shine,  
The Human softening the Divine !  
No sweeter Heaven could e'er be mine :  
Lord, it is good to be here.

Clouds rest on Thee and darksome night,  
And twain beside Thee clothed in white ;  
Thou fillest all the cloud with light :  
And Sinai's Holy Law I see,  
And visions high of prophecy  
Crowned and accomplished all in Thee :  
Lord, it is good to be here.

And wilt Thou lay this glory down,  
This splendour and immortal crown,  
To win the Cross's sad renown ?  
Nay, let us bide here for a space ;  
Why should we leave this holy place  
For earth's mean cares and sordidness ?  
Lord, it is good to be here.

Fades, like a dream, the vision bright,  
And there is but the starry night,  
The common earth, and morning light.  
Yet once on Holy Mount to see  
God's glory breaking forth from Thee,  
Is earnest sweet of Heaven to me  
As much as may be here.

“The multitudes . . . cried, saying, Hosanna,” &c.  
MATT. xxi. 9.

**L**O ! He cometh, meek and lowly ;  
Strew the palm-branch on His road ;  
Son of David, pure and holy  
King of Zion, Christ of God !  
Hosanna !

The Wonderful, the Undefiled !

The mighty God, the Virgin’s Child !

He hath healed our sore diseases,  
Purged the eye-balls of the blind,  
And the dumb have sung to Jesus,  
Vexed with demons in their ‘mind.

Hosanna !

The Wonderful, the Undefiled !

The mighty God, the Virgin’s Child !

And He spake, as never mortal  
Spake before, with truth and grace,  
Words which are the glorious portal  
Into wisdom's Holiest Place.

Hosanna !

The Wonderful, the Undefiled !  
The mighty God, the Virgin's Child !

Gospel to the poor He preacheth,  
Will not break the bruised reed,  
And with Holy power He teacheth ;  
Is not this the Christ indeed ?

Hosanna !

The Wonderful, the Undefiled !  
The mighty God, the Virgin's Child !

Lo ! He comes, grand footprints leaving  
All along the path He trod,  
Each a miracle, and giving  
Token of a present God.

Hosanna !

The Wonderful, the Undefiled !

The mighty God, the Virgin's Child !

He will heal us and enlighten,

He will teach us wisdom's ways,

He will calm the storms that frighten,

He will give us songs of praise.

Hosanna !

The Wonderful, the Undefiled !

The mighty God, the Virgin's Child !

Lift the high gates everlasting,

O ye doors, be opened wide ;

Christ, the Lord, to us is hastening,

In our hearts He would abide.

Hosanna !

The Wonderful, the Undefiled !

The mighty God, the Virgin's Child !

"There came unto Him a woman having an alabaster box," &c.

MATT. xxvi. 7.

H ER box of alabaster shed  
Its costly spikenard on His head :

Her heart was full to breaking :  
His feet with tears bedewëd were,  
She wiped them with her flowing hair :  
Ever her heart was quaking.

O Love alone is just and wise :  
Let loving deeds find loving eyes,  
With vision clear and holy :  
He said, "she hath done what she could :  
Her work is beautiful and good,  
For she is loving and lowly."

O Love alone is wise and just :  
Still do thy loving work, and trust ;  
For God hath it appointed :  
He said, "The poor ye always have ;"  
He said, "My body for the grave  
This woman hath anointed."

"And it is Law in earth and heaven,  
Who loveth much is much forgiven."  
Now fast her tears were flowing :  
Never a word to Him she spake,  
Only her heart was like to break  
For that she had done unknowing.

"I am the way, and the truth, and the Life."—JOHN xiv. 6.

O GLORIOUS way from man to God,  
 Made of the glorious God and man !  
 And consecrated by His blood  
 Who loved us ere the world began ;  
 By Thee all blessings come from Heaven,  
 By Thee all prayers to Heaven arise :  
 Running from heart of man forgiven  
 To heart of God above the skies.

O truth divine and human too,  
 Nor least divine when human most ;  
 Whose shadows all the ages through  
 Were light to sinners guilty and lost !

Revealing in a man the whole  
Godhead of wisdom, love, and might,  
And clasping in a human soul  
The fulness of the Infinite !

O life which died that we might live,  
Whereby we now live, being dead ;  
For self unto the death we give,  
That Thou may'st be our life instead ;  
True life of all that live in truth,  
Our life is hid in God with Thee,  
That glory of immortal youth  
May bloom in us Eternally.

O Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Through whom we find the Father still,  
And peace from guilty fear and strife,  
And knowledge of His holy will ;

We come to Thee, the heavenly road,  
We learn of Thee the truth divine,  
We seek from Thee the life in God ;  
Thou art our All, and we are Thine.



"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

JOHN xii. 32.

JESUS on the cross uplifted,  
All the world to Him shall draw,  
Guided by a nobler purpose,  
Fashioned by a holier Law.

While He lived, so meek and lowly,  
Full of mercy, doing good ;  
They who saw the true light shining  
Ne'er the true light understood.

Life so pure and Truth so holy  
Stirred up all their wrath and hate ;  
Naught the wicked so reproveth  
As the Truth immaculate.

From out the mire of life  
He will draw her back again  
To the pure water of truth  
And the new world of love.

In the heat of the age  
In the cross of Jesus Christ,  
And from it the Law proceeded  
And to it the wretched fled.

Poured it all our human story  
Crystallizes strange and new,  
Growing ever meek and lowly,  
Growing pitiful and true.

Changed the purpose and the honour,  
Changed the glory and the loss,  
Changed the thoughts that once were busy,  
By the virtue of the cross.

O to be conformed to Jesus,  
Emptied, humbled, sacrificed ;  
Only is our life uplifted  
In the lifting up of Christ.

Praise Him, let Him be exalted  
Every other name above,  
And through fellowship of suffering  
Thou shalt walk with God in Love.

"I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."  
JOHN xvii. 4.

No work of man was e'er complete before,  
With stainless, faultless, holy beauty graced :  
But when the task was ended, evermore  
The faithful servant sadly must deplore,  
It was a fair short-coming at the best.

Never did limner paint up to his thought,  
Nor sculptor chisel on the marble white  
The visioned model after which he wrought,  
Never was song from sweet melodious throat  
The perfect utterance of the heart's delight ;

Never did hero wholly yet achieve  
The feats of glory which he had designed,  
Nor thoughtful sage the perfect pattern weave  
Of God's great Universe, which he might leave  
A wonder and a faith to all mankind.

Still our best work is only partly done,  
And grows from man to man, from age to age,  
Some failure lurks in every triumph won,  
Others will mend whate'er we have begun,  
And blot some matter from our fairest page.

One only life there is without a stain,  
Accomplishing the Father's perfect will ;  
With highest aim, yet never aimed in vain ;  
Attempting nought which must be tried again ;  
Even all the thought of God it did fulfil.

Perfect the sinless beauty of His ways,  
Perfect the wisdom of His faithful love,  
Perfect the Trust that walked with God always,  
Perfect in suffering, perfect in the praise  
Which still like incense rose to Heaven above.

O fairer Thou than sons of men ! and yet  
Not terrible Thy beauty ! In sweet accord  
All tender Graces in Thy Being met ;  
And of their fulness all Thy people get,  
Still growing to the fulness of their Lord.

"O my Father, if it be possible."—MATT. xxvi. 39.

FATHER, if it be possible,  
Let this cup pass away from me ;  
Yet, Father, not as I may will,  
But as Thou willest, let it be.

If this weak flesh a moment shrink,  
Yet would I hope and trust in Thee ;  
O Father, I will gladly drink  
The cup which Thou hast mixed for me.

So teach us, Lord, and help us still,  
When flesh and heart do faint and fail,  
In meek submission to Thy will  
O'er trembling weakness to prevail.

'Thy wisdom hath ordained the cup,  
Thy grace its bitterness hath blessed,  
Thy loving kindness holds it up—  
Thy will be done; Thou knowest best.



Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

LAMENT. i. 12.

ALL the night on Olivet  
Jesus watched and prayed  
In agony and bloody sweat,  
Afflicted and dismayed :  
And when early morning broke,  
Jesus was betrayed :—  
For redemption of His folk  
Meekly He obeyed.

By the traitor's kiss made known,  
Basely He was taken,  
And by them He called His own  
He was now forsaken ;

Yet His Love was not withdrawn,  
Nor His purpose shaken ;  
Heart was sore, but all the more  
Pity did awaken.

Witness false they did stubborn,  
They mocked His truth and grace,  
They crowned Him with the cruel thorn,  
And spat upon His face ;  
And Him they did reject with scorn,  
The Lord our Righteousness ;  
While rang the cry of Crucify !  
Through Pilate's judgment-place.

They nailed Him to the accursed tree,  
And while they stood to view  
The dear Redeemer's agony,  
Blasphemed the Just and True,

But neither cursed nor abhorred  
Was Gentile then or Jew ;  
He only said, Forgive them Lord.  
They know not what they do.

But at the ninth hour Darkness fell  
Both on the earth and sky,  
And darkness wrapt with gloom of hell  
His soul's last agony ;  
“ My God, why dost Thou me forsake ? ”  
His great and bitter cry  
That made earth quake, and dead awake  
To see their Maker die.

His heart was piercëd by the spear,  
To make our hearts His own ;  
His soul was sorely wounded here  
For sins He had not known :

And in the grave, our souls to save,  
He meekly laid Him down,  
And suffered loss upon the cross  
That we might wear the crown.

Then let us praise the Lord of Light  
Whose sun went down in gloom ;  
The Fount of Life whose glorious might  
Was humbled in the tomb ;  
The First-born and the Heir of all  
Who chose the lowest room ;  
That we might stand at God's right hand  
Redeemed from death and doom.

“God forbid, that I should glory, save in the cross.”  
GAL. vi. 14.

DEAR Cross of shame, our boast and glory !  
Darkest, brightest scene in story !  
Through hatred fellest, Thou securest  
Best of blessings, Love the purest.  
Holy, holy, holy !  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Gave His life a ransom  
To bring us life again.

Strange, mysterious contradiction !  
Death of sin in crucifixion  
Of the sinless ! and salvation  
In the Just one’s condemnation !

Holy, holy, holy !  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Gave His life a ransom  
To bring us life again.

O sacred Joy from Love's heart-bleeding !  
Sure peace and rest from wrath proceeding !  
True Light that out of darkness springeth,  
And from the tomb the true life bringeth !

Holy, holy, holy !  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Gave His life a ransom  
To bring us life again.

O cursed cross ! dear cross of blessing !  
O glorious shame ! our sins confessing,  
We come to Thee with our diseases  
For healing in the blood of Jesus.

Holy, holy, holy !  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Gave His life a ransom  
To bring us life again.

His cross from shame all shame hath taken,  
And from despair doth hope awaken,  
His cross the power of Death hath broken,  
O cross ! of Love Divinest token !

Holy, holy, holy,  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Gave His life a ransom  
To bring us life again.

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The Lamb for sinners slain  
Gave His life a ransom  
To bring us life again.

“Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother.”  
JOHN xix. 25.

B Y the Cross His mother kept  
Mournful watch, and silent wept,  
Troubled thoughts, beyond control,  
Pondering in her anguished soul.

Once she heard the voice from Heaven  
Singing, “Blessed who hast given  
Unto earth the Saviour good,  
Unto Godhead flesh and blood!”

Was she blessed, standing there  
Smitten with a chill despair?  
Yea, the promise faileth not,  
Blessed still her bitter lot.

Blessed, who to earth hast given  
Him who is the Life from Heaven ;  
Blessed to give up in Faith  
Him who is the Death of Death !

Blessed mother of the Lamb,  
Blessed of the great I AM,  
Blessed chiefly in Thy loss  
All redeeming by the cross.

“The Lord is risen indeed!”—LUKE xxiv. 34.

THE Lord, Christ, is risen !  
Hell is dismayed ;  
Fast bound in prison  
Death low is laid :  
Spoiled is our spoiler,  
Broken his spell,  
Even Death, the Defiler,  
And dread power of Hell.  
Blessing and power  
And honour divine  
And glory and majesty,  
O Lord, are Thine.

Came by appointment  
At break of day  
The Marys with ointment ;  
But Christ was away ;  
Ho ! Death's open portal,  
Death's empty Throne !

The Mortal Immortal  
Is risen and gone.

Blessing and power  
And honour divine  
And glory and majesty  
O Lord, are Thine.

Feeble and faithless,  
We were dismayed,  
When men laid the Deathless  
Low with the dead ;  
Now captive our captor,  
Powerless his sting ;

And loudly in rapture,  
Lord, we would sing ;  
    Blessing and power  
    And honour divine  
    And glory and majesty,  
O Lord, are Thine.

The serpent is bruised ;  
His sting is plucked forth ;  
The might that he uséd  
    Is now nothing worth.

Appointed, anointed  
    Our triumph to bring,  
The Lord Christ is risen,  
The Lord Christ is King.  
    Blessing and Power  
    And honour divine  
    And glory and majesty,  
O Lord, be Thine.

“Mary seeth two angels sitting,” &c.—JOHN xx. 12.

A NGELS twain were sitting  
In the vacant tomb ;  
Lights of day were flitting  
Through its silent gloom ;  
Angels brightly shining,  
Lights of common day,  
Mingling and entwining  
Where the Saviour lay.

Often in our sorrow  
Angels may be seen,  
When we look to-morrow  
Where our griefs had been ;

And the angels holy  
Whisper us, and say,  
Lo ! the Meek and Lowly  
Plucked the sting away.

Sweet is all the bitter,  
Blessed is the night,  
When the angels glitter  
In the morning light,  
To the common duty  
Bidding us away,  
For Jesus in His beauty  
Will meet us by the way.

“I go a-fishing.”—JOHN xxi. 3.

THEY stood together by the sea  
In trouble and perplexity;  
The waves were breaking on the sand,  
The winds were moaning o'er the land,  
And life came back, like floating wrack,  
On those dim shores of Galilee.

On every hill, 'neath every tree  
Was some fond haunt of memory,  
Where they had known the mystic force  
Of healing might, or high discourse ;  
And at His will those waves were still  
Upon the sea of Galilee.

But Peter nought can hear or see  
 Save that dark cross on Calvary,  
 The crowing cock, the certain maid ;  
 “I go a-fishing,” then he said ;  
 He could not bear the thoughts that were  
 Thick-crowding now in Galilee.

Ah ! well from vexing thought to flee,  
 Till better thoughts return to thee ;  
 Ah ! well to have some task to do  
 When grief is fresh, and trouble new,  
 And life comes back like cruel wrack,  
 On some sad shore of Galilee.

Though vain the flight from thought may be,  
 As vain the thought from which we flee ;  
 And Christ is near to him that weeps,  
 And to his task of duty keeps,  
 Playing his part with heavy heart  
 A long, dark night on Galilee.

"Lord, Thou knowest all things," &c.—JOHN xxi. 17.

I HAVE been full of boasting vain,  
I thought that I was strong ;  
I never was so weak as then,  
I never was so wrong.

I thought that none could love Thee more,  
That none could love as well ;  
Alas ! I never knew before  
My heart until I fell.

I did not know the fear and shame  
That lay beneath its pride ;  
And I was ready oft to blame,  
And readier still to grieve.

I thought to play a stouter part  
Than others could fulfil ;  
I trusted in a guileful heart,  
And in a wayward will.

Yet ah ! my Lord, my King, my Rock,  
Thou knowest all I am ;  
I am not meet to feed Thy flock—  
But yet I love the Lamb.

"While they beheld, He was taken up," &c.—**Ac<sup>r</sup>s i. 9.**

THE Lord hath ascended  
Up to His throne,  
His grief all is ended,  
His work all is done ;  
The Christ long expected  
Came in His love,  
And He was rejected,  
But now reigns above.  
Hallelujah !  
He is on high  
Mansions preparing  
For us in the sky.

And now we inherit  
 His high bequest,  
 Even His Holy Spirit  
 Whose help is the best ;  
 And all gifts, and all powers,  
 And all truth divine,  
 All His and all ours,  
 For we, Lord, are Thine.

Hallelujah !

The Comforter hath come,  
 Jesus hath sent Him  
 From the Father's home.

As on the mountains  
 A lake lieth cool,  
 And deep are its fountains,  
 Its waters aye full,  
 No summers dry it,  
 No storms abate,

And trees of life by it  
Bloom early and late ;  
Hallelujah !  
So the Lord doth live,  
And out of His fulness  
We all receive.

Lo ! Christ hath ascended  
To the Heavens high ;  
And still, as He wended  
Bright through the sky,  
And we stood and gazëd  
In wonder and fear,  
Astounded, amazëd,  
Angels sang clear,  
Hallelujah !  
The Lord will come again  
In power and great glory  
To judge among men.

He came once in weakness  
Fair as a flower,  
And suffered in meekness ;  
He shall come in power  
With angels surrounding,  
And clouds 'neath His feet,  
In judgment abounding,  
In glory complete ;  
Hallelujah !  
Praise the great I AM !  
And stand in awe, and fear ye  
The wrath of the Lamb.

“We have an advocate with the Father,” &c.—I JOHN ii. 1.

B EFORE the Father’s throne on high  
The Lord, our Advocate, appears ;  
He always hears the sinner’s cry,  
And Him the Father always hears.

Ah ! well for one who may not brook  
Temptation sore, or grief, or pain,  
To visit sin with stern rebuke,  
Or bid the mourner ne’er complain.

But Jesus knoweth all our state ;  
He was a man of sorrows too :  
And perfected by sufferings great,  
His sympathies are deep and true.

He fought the battle we must fight,  
He felt the sorrows we must bear,  
He bore the banner of the Light  
To glory by the might of prayer.

Now kind and true His counsels are,  
He will not break the bruised reed ;  
And if His voice is still for war,  
It is because He loves indeed.

For He would have us nobly live,  
And win the crown He conquered thus ;  
And of His fulness we receive,  
And all His fulness is in us,

And walking in His glory bright  
Where truth and mercy intermix,  
He feeds with oil the shining light  
Of all the golden candlesticks.

For still His heart is here among  
The weary, burdened sons of men,  
And turneth from the angel's song  
To live His sorrows o'er again.

O Jesus, in Thy pity hear,  
And in Thy faithfulness uphold,  
And let our light burn pure and clear  
Among the lamps of shining gold.

"He is Lord of lords, and King of kings."—REV. xvii. 14.

KING of Kings, and Lord of Lords!  
Listen, nations, to His words;  
Empires fall, and realms decay,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
But while time its changes brings,  
Christ, unchanged, is King of Kings.

Once rejected and despised,  
Once blasphemed and sacrificed,  
Low He lay among the dead;  
Now the crown is on His head,  
And the Host of Heaven accords  
Praise to Him, the Lord of Lords.

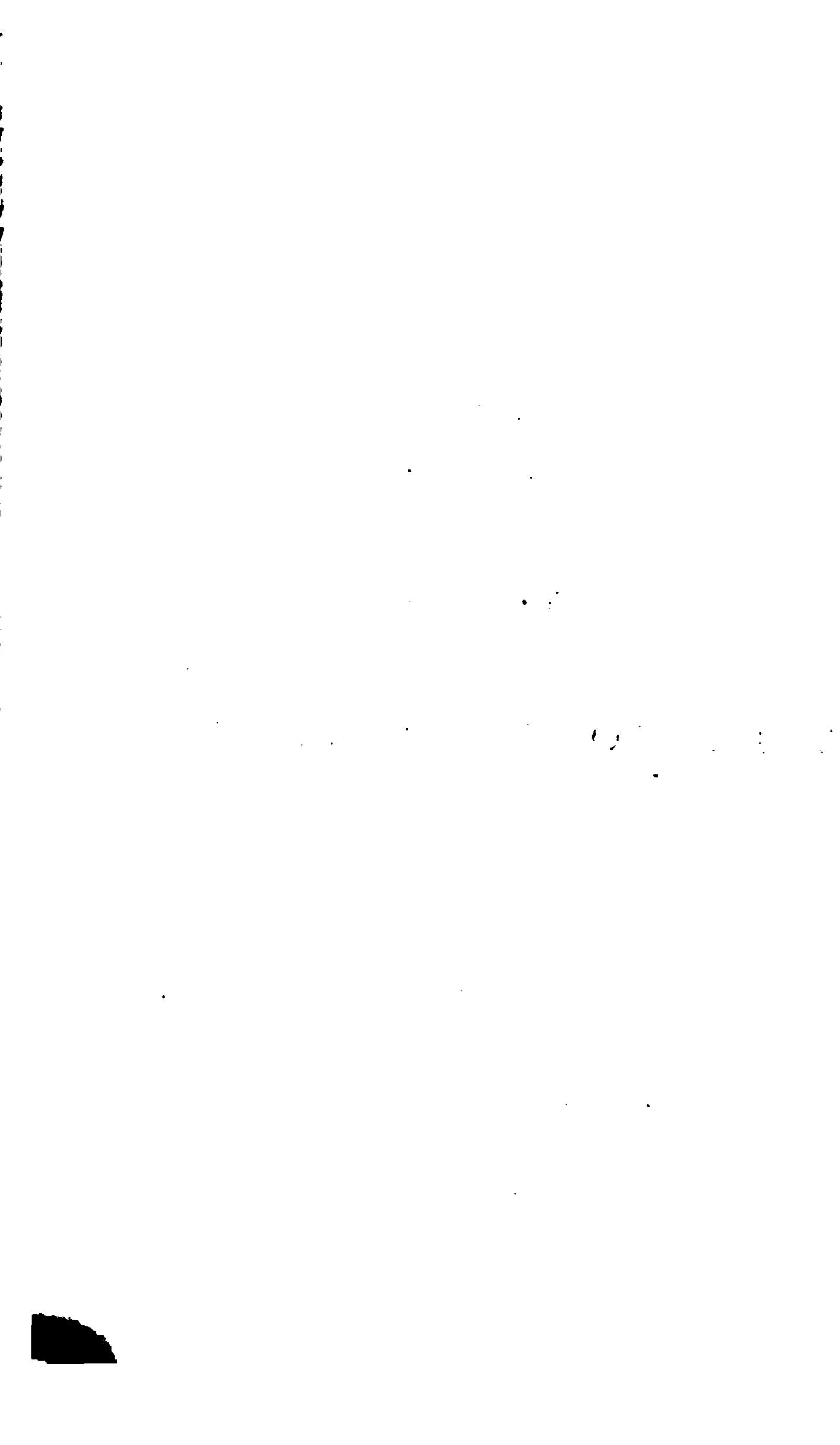
Powers, Dominions, Royal Thrones,  
All of Earth's High Mighty Ones,  
Bow before the Christ of God :  
Wars and tumults are His rod ;  
Fears and snares on you He brings,  
Till ye know Him King of Kings.

But, ye feeble folk, rejoice ;  
Hearken, 'tis your Shepherd's voice,  
Christ, your friend, now rules on high,  
Christ, that died on Calvary ;  
Sing ye, as the angel sings,  
Christ, the Lord, is King of Kings.

Let each nation, tongue, and tribe  
Glory unto Him ascribe,  
Bend the knee, and raise the psalm,  
Worshipping the bleeding Lamb ;  
Free and glorious, let them sing  
Christ is Lord, and He is King.



H Y M N S  
OF  
THE HOLY TRINITY.



"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."—Ps. xcvi. 1.

L ORD God omnipotent,  
Lord God alone;  
High o'er the firmament  
Planting Thy Throne;  
Curtained about with Light,  
Under Thy feet a bright  
Pavement of stars;  
No shade of darksome night.  
Thy glory mars.

Sun, moon, and stars fulfil  
Their times by Thee;  
Angels to do Thy will  
Fleet lightnings be;

Rain, hail, and frost and snow,  
And all the winds that blow  
Are at Thy nod ;  
Oceans and Tempests know  
Their mighty God.

Thou breathest on the earth,  
And there is spring,  
Leaf-buds come bursting forth,  
All the birds sing,  
Flocks on the hills are seen,  
Herds on the meadows green,  
Forests rejoice :  
All that had silent been  
Lifts up its voice.

By Thee the nations grow,  
And their kings reign ;  
And for their overthrow  
Tumults of men ;

All Hosts embattled be,  
And bridled too by Thee  
Their armament ;  
Navies are by Thy sea  
Scattered and spent.

Thou art our Fortress strong,  
Our sun and shield,  
Thou art our triumph song  
On battle field ;  
By Thee we vanquish still  
World foe and carnal will—  
All Hell's array ;  
Thou wilt Thy plan fulfil,  
Plot as they may.

Lord, God, omnipotent,  
Bide with Thy Flock ;  
Hold them up, when they faint,  
Safe on the Rock ; .

Show them Thy tender grace,  
And the light of Thy face ;  
Let them accord  
Praise to Thy Holiness,  
Praise to the Lord.



"God is a spirit, and they," &c.—JOHN iv. 24.

No shape of wood or stone,  
No art of sculpture high,  
Nor pictured form on kingly throne,  
Reveals Thee to the eye ;  
Too bright for mortal vision,  
Too high to comprehend,  
Yet Thou stoopest to our low condition  
In Christ, the sinner's Friend.

No Temple made with hands  
Thy glory keeps alone ;  
No nation chosen from the lands  
May call Thee all their own ;

God of all times and places,  
The heavens contain Thee not,  
And from all kindreds, tongues, and races  
A people Thou hast bought.

Not pomp and gallant show,  
Nor heaps of treasured gold,  
May win Thy favours here below  
And mercies manifold :  
Thou carest not for bringing  
Of costly sacrifice,  
Or kneeling prayer, or stately singing,  
Or skill of man's device.

But as Thy nature is  
Thy worship too must be ;  
Thy mercy shall our mercy kiss,  
And love meet love in Thee ;

And for Thy Spirit Holy  
Meet Temple there is none,  
Save ransomed spirits meek and lowly,  
With Christ the Corner Stone.

Yet sweet it is to bring  
The costly gift to Thee ;  
And sweet in stately kirk to sing,  
And lowly bend the knee ;  
And sweet to know the Master  
Our gift will not deny—  
The precious box of alabaster  
Which Love doth sanctify.

“Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,” &c.—I TIM. i. 17.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,  
 In light inaccessible, hid from our eyes,  
 Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,  
 Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, silent as light,  
 Nor striving, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might ;  
 Thy Justice like mountains soaring above  
 Thy clouds which are fountains of mercy and love.

To all life Thou givest, both great and small ;  
 In all life Thou livest, true life of all ;  
 Thy blossom and flourish only are we,  
 To wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.

To-day and To-morrow with Thee still are Now ;  
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, Lord, hast Thou ;  
Nor passion doth fever, nor age can decay,  
The same God for ever as on yesterday.

Great Father of Glory, Father of Light,  
Thine angels adore Thee, veiling their sight ;  
But of all Thy good graces this grace, Lord, impart—  
Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart..

All laud we would render ; O help us to see,  
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee ;  
And now let Thy glory to our gaze unroll  
Through Christ in the story, and Christ in the soul.

“ In the beginning was the Word.”—JOHN i. i.

ETERNAL word, God’s true and only Son,  
    Maker, and Lord, and Heir, and Judge of all;  
First born of every creature; Holy One;  
    We praise Thy Name, and on Thy Name we call.

Jehovah dwells from Everlasting years  
    In silence dread and solitude concealed;  
And yet from everlasting He appears  
    In Thee to all His universe revealed.

And life, and love, and truth, and joy, and might,  
    And grace, and mercy all are incomplete,  
Some darkness lingering in their purest light—  
    Only in Thee doth all their fulness meet.

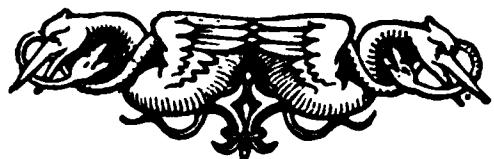
Nothing so dark as the pure Light of God ;  
Nothing so far from us, and strange and high ;  
Nothing so weary as the grievous load  
The burdened creature bears until he die.

But in the Son of love and sacrifice  
Nothing so near and clear as God appears ;  
And lightly on the heart the burden lies  
Of all our imperfections and our fears.

True Son of God, our Sonship is in Thee ;  
True Light of God, our wisdom too Thou art ;  
O Lamb, from earth's foundation slain for me,  
Thou bringest life and peace unto my heart.

Ever in Thee the Father is revealed ;  
Ever in Thee all things are reconciled ;  
Ever in Thee our sins and wounds are healed ;  
Glory to Thee, the Pure and Undefiled !

Glory to Thee to whom all power is given,  
Riches, and praise, and might, and majesty !  
Glory to Thee to whom in Highest heaven  
They cast their crowns upon the crystal sea !



“Then I was by Him as one brought up with Him—rejoicing  
in the habitable” &c.—PROV. viii. 30, 31.

**N**OT all in us is earthliness  
But something is divine :—  
A germ of truth, a hope of bliss,  
A wisdom, which may only miss  
God’s wisdom by a line  
Uncertain and most fine.

Not all in God is godlike too,  
Though all is perfect God ;  
But in the Sonship high and true  
A human likeness comes to view,  
Whose footsteps ever trod  
Where sons of men abode.

The manlike in the Godhead seen,  
The godlike wrapt in man,  
Akin their wisdom still hath been,  
Akin their work by skilful mean ;  
And thereby God did plan  
His bridge across to span.

Therefore eternal Wisdom came  
Our wisdom to complete ;  
And perfect sonship suffered blame,  
Reproach of guilt, and brand of shame,  
To guide our erring feet  
Where God and man do meet.

Might not the Holy Father leave  
His light wherein He dwelt ;  
Might not the Holy Spirit grieve ;  
Only the Son on earth might live  
Among the sons of guilt,  
And feel what they have felt.

No after-thought this high device  
Of mercy for our loss ;  
But all the pity and the price,  
The Love and its great sacrifice,  
Eternally arose  
In likeness of a cross.

It was His nature to obey,  
It was His choice to die,  
It was His life to Love alway,  
And meet that life of Love to lay  
Upon the altar high  
That we might live thereby.

O meet it was by suffering great  
The sons of God to bring  
From hapless lot, and sinful state,  
To glory bright, immaculate ;  
There is no nobler thing  
That angels harp and sing.

Then praise the Father's wondrous love  
Who sparëd not the Son,  
And praise the Holy blessed Dove ;  
And praise the Lamb that reigns above ;  
And praise the Three in One,  
The mighty God alone.

"The Light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."—JOHN i. 5.

O LIFE, which art the Light of men,  
Amid the darkness Thou did'st shine,  
And God was in His glory then  
Walking among the sons of men,  
A human Life, a Light divine.

But ah ! the children of the night,  
Like birds unclean in gloomy cave  
That dash their wings against the light,  
And seek a deeper gloom of night,  
They madly to the darkness clave.

They could not truly comprehend  
The Word in human flesh arrayed ;  
That God could be the sinner's friend  
The sinner could not comprehend,  
And at the light he was dismayed.

It was so bright it made him blind,  
So high, it filled his soul with fear,  
So true, it searched his guilty mind,  
So pure, no shelter he could find ;  
He could not bear His God so near.

Prepare us for the Light, O Lord,  
Which is our only Life in Thee ;  
And unto us the Life accord  
Which is the Light of men, O Lord,  
To all eternity.

"The Comforter . . . shall teach you all things."—JOHN xiv. 26.

MO<sup>T</sup> MOST Holy Spirit, perfect Light,  
Eternal, glorious, infinite,  
Good Spirit of the Blessed Son,  
Pure Spirit of the Three in One ;  
Now lift the veil, and purge our sight,  
And fill us with Thy saving light,  
And our exulting hearts shall sing  
Hosanna ! to the Almighty King.

To mortal eye it is not given  
To look upon the sun in Heaven,  
But only in his beams we see  
What all his radiant glories be ;

Nor doth the Lord to mortal give  
To look upon His face, and live,  
But only in Thy rays may we  
Behold His glorious majesty.

O shine upon us from above,  
Thou beam of everlasting Love ;  
Reveal the Father in the Son,  
Our sonship in the Holy One,  
The sin that from our heart proceeds,  
The grace that unto glory leads,  
The depths of God that hidden lie  
In Bethlehem and Calvary.



“ That which is born of the Spirit is spirit.”—JOHN iii. 6.

C REATOR Spirit, who did'st brood  
O'er the void, formless solitude,  
Making the womb of darkness rife  
With changeful types of wondrous life,  
Now quicken us, for all within  
Is dark and cold and dead in sin :  
The living only may accord  
Meet laud and glory to the Lord.

O ne'er to mortal man was given  
The life of God—the life from Heaven—  
The life of blessing that we lost,  
Except by Thee, the Holy Ghost ;

Even He, the Lord of life and death,  
From Thee obtained His quickening breath  
In the meek Virgin's lowly womb,  
And eke in Joseph's hallowed tomb.

Now, high Creator Spirit, make  
Us all new creatures for His sake,  
And breathe within us from on high  
The life in Christ that cannot die,  
The life of mercy, faith, and truth,  
And love that, in immortal youth  
Abiding with the Son and Thee,  
Is hid in God Eternally.

Christ, "through the Eternal Spirit, offered Himself," &c.  
HEB. ix. 14.

ETERNAL Spirit of Sacrifice,  
Through whom the world's redemption price,  
That ransomed earth ere earth was made,  
From everlasting years was paid ;  
Now seal us for the altar high,  
Our gift and service sanctify,  
And prompt our heart, and guide our prayer,  
That all may be accepted there.

For never yet to God was given  
An offering well approved of Heaven,  
Holy and blameless and complete,  
Except in Thee, the Paraclete ;

Even He, the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Who knew nor blemish, spot, nor stain,  
Presented unto God through Thee  
His sacrifice Eternally.

Now cleanse our hearts from sinful lust,  
And fill our souls with love and trust ;  
And from dead works the conscience free,  
The leaven of the Pharisee ;  
Anoint us with the unction true,  
Crown us with graces fresh and new,  
And lead us on our heavenward road,  
A living sacrifice to God.

“ Praise our God, all ye His servants that fear Him.”  
REV. xix. 5.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
God, we lift our hearts to Thee,  
Guilty sinners, tempest-tossed,  
Drifting in the darkness lost ;  
O to us a Refuge be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Haven of peace when tempests rage,  
Fortress strong when foes assail,  
Portion of the wise and sage,  
Strength of youth, and joy of age ;  
Nought against us shall prevail,  
If Thou guide our pilgrimage.

Glory to the Father's name,  
Fatherhood in God is dear ;  
Glory to the Son who came  
Bearing all our grief and shame ;  
And let all the ages hear,  
Glory to the Spirit's name.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
God who loved us from of old,  
Save Thy fear all fear is lost,  
For Thou art a bannered host  
Camping round us in Thy fold,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N S

FOR

S P E C I A L   O C C A S I O N S.



*BAPTISM.*

“Baptizing in the name of the Father,” &c.—MATT. xxviii. 19.

LORD, bless this child of Thine,  
Shine on it with Thy face,  
Around it let Thy mercies twine,  
Endow it with Thy grace :  
Let Thy new name be given,  
And new birth from above,  
As unseen fingers drop from Heaven  
The baptism of Thy Love.

From paths of sin and shame  
Preserve it pure and wise,  
And make its life on earth the same  
As life above the skies ;

O cause this babe to serve  
In all devotion meek,  
And ne'er from Duty's path to swerve ;  
And strengthen what is weak.

And seal this child of Thine  
With Thy good Spirit, Lord ;  
Enrich it with all grace divine,  
And guide it by Thy word :  
And when its race is run,  
Arrayed in white array,  
O may it walk above the sun  
In everlasting day.

*COMMUNION.*

“This do in remembrance of me.”—**I COR. xi. 24.**

DEAR wine of God ! and hallowed bread !  
Trembling, rejoicing we would see  
The blood for our redemption shed  
In this memorial, Lord, of Thee ;  
O may we find communion free  
With saints below and God above,  
Partaking this great mystery  
Of dying, yet undying, Love.

My Lord, I would remember Thee,  
And all the riches of Thy grace,  
And all the Love that circles me,  
And sweetness of Thy Holy Place ;

For when my sins do hide Thy face,  
The shades of Death around me gloom ;  
When I forget Thee for a space,  
"Tis as the darkness of the tomb.

I glory only in Thy shame,  
I'm rich, but only in Thy loss,  
I'm only blessed in the name  
That cursed was upon the cross ;  
I will esteem all else but loss,  
For Thou art all in all to me ;  
Draw me with Love, and keep me close  
By this memorial, Lord, of Thee.

*FIRST COMMUNION.*

“Thou hast the dew of thy youth.”—Ps. cx. 3.

I N the dews of our youth,  
Lord, we come unto Thee ;  
We would walk in Thy truth,  
For Thy truth maketh free ;  
With the bread and the wine,  
And the light of Thy face,  
Make us glad—we are Thine,  
O deny not Thy grace.

We would fight the good fight  
In the faith of Thy name,  
With the armour of light,  
And the cross of Thy shame ;

And from this Holy war  
No discharge may be found ;  
Ever Thine, Lord, we are,  
For by Love we are bound.

All redeemed by the blood  
Which for sin did atone,  
And cleansed in its flood,  
We are no more our own ;  
Nor will we e'er repine  
For the world fleeting by ;  
We are Thine, we are Thine,  
Lord, to live or to die.

Lord, our garments so white  
Help us spotless to keep ;  
Nor as children of night  
Let us slumber and sleep ;

We would work while 'tis day,  
For the night cometh fast,  
We would watch now and pray,  
To be with Thee at last.



*PREPARATION.*

"The Lord parts every one that prepareth his heart to seek God"—*2 CHRON. xxx. 18, 19.*

**T**HY Spirit, Lord, impart  
 To teach me what Thou art,  
 And to prepare my heart  
 For the feast.  
 And show me what I am,  
 And lead me to the Lamb  
 And the Priest.  
  
 Help me now to mourn aright  
 Sin against Thy love and light  
 Which have shone around me bright  
 All my days,

That with the bitter-sweet  
Of godly sorrow I may eat  
To Thy praise.

As Thy mercy I would know,  
Also mercy I would show ;  
Help me to forgive my foe  
From the heart ;  
For in Thy Holy Place  
Only Love and tender grace  
Have their part.

So let the bridegroom guide  
The trembling, joyful bride  
To the altar by His side,  
Like a maid  
In the wedding garment pure  
Of His righteousness most sure  
Well arrayed.

O to see the Lord of Light  
Riding forth in truth and right  
As the Sun leaves in His might,  
    The golden door;  
I am His, and He is mine  
By a union most Divine,  
    Evermore.

*AFTER THE FEAST.*

"When they had sung an hymn," &c.—MATT. xxvi. 30.

If any to the feast have come  
 Who were not bidden, Lord, forgive;  
 They were not of our Father's home,  
 Yet in Thy mercy let them live.

If any came in doubt and fear,  
 O may they carry peace away,  
 Let Heaven to them be calm and clear,  
 Still brightening to the perfect day.

And who in Zion mourning were,  
 O give them songs of praise to Thee ;  
 And who were full of anxious care,  
 O set them from their burden free.

All those who never sat before  
At this dear altar of Thy grace,  
O may they love Thee more and more,  
And serve Thee in Thy Holy Place.

And they who ne'er again shall see  
The day of our communion dawn ;  
Prepare them, Lord, to feast with Thee  
At tables which are never drawn.

Forgive us all our wandering thought,  
Our little love, our feeble faith ;  
And may we meet, our battle fought,  
Beyond the realms of sin and death.

*ORDINATION.*

"Study to show thyself approved of God," &c.—*2 Tim.* ii. 15.

FATHER of Lights, and Fount of Life,  
Who sendest none to warfare high  
At their own charges, in the strife  
For glory and immortality ;  
Anoint Thy servant with the oil  
Of Thy true consecration, Lord,  
And for his sacrifice and toil  
O sanctify him by Thy word.

Teach him, that he the truth may know  
In all the riches of its grace ;  
And give him utterance meet to show  
Its glory and its blessedness ;

The truth he preacheth day by day,  
From day to day too may he live,  
That men may see the living way,  
And glory to the Father give.

Enrich him with all sympathy,  
That he, with tender love and deep,  
May joy with those that joyful be,  
And also weep with them that weep ;  
And may he love his Master dear,  
And joy his Master's work to do ;  
And still let Hope his labour cheer,  
For hopeless toil is fruitless too.

In Thee, Lord, let his portion be,  
Which with his heart he shall desire ;  
And let him often get from Thee  
The souls he seeks to be his hire ;

Still let him speak the truth in love,  
From anger and from malice free ;  
And as he hath believed, prove  
Its power and high efficiency.

So let him be a servant true  
That needeth not to be ashamed,  
Bringing forth treasures old and new  
Still as the name of Christ is named ;  
And when his work on earth is done,  
Lord, let him find that Thou hast given  
The crown of glory nobly won  
That fadeth not away in Heaven.

*CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.*

"Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens cannot contain  
Thee."—*I KINGS viii. 27.*

A N house for prayer Thy people rear  
Where they may worship in Thy fear,  
A glad united flock ;  
O Lord, build up Thy Zion here  
On Christ, the Living Rock.

Thou dwellest not in Temples grand,  
In piles and fanes which human hand  
And cunning skill have raised ;  
Yet, Lord, Thy blessing here command,  
And let Thy name be praised.

Here may the Living water flow,  
Here men the Love of Jesus know,  
And oft let it appear  
This man and that man here below  
Was born to Jesus here.

Here may Thy people rise above  
Malice and wrath, and fully prove  
The grace of Thy good word—  
One to the other knit in Love,  
And all to Christ, the Lord.

Here may the aged learn of Heaven,  
Here may the young to God be given,  
And here Thy chosen priest  
Joy over many a soul forgiven,  
And grace and truth increased.

Let blessing come from hence, we pray,  
To wedlock true and natal day ;  
And here sure comfort keep  
For mourners when their dead they lay  
In Christ to sleep their sleep.

A light to them that toil on earth,  
A warning stern to Godless mirth,  
A foe to every sin,  
O may this house of God bring forth  
The peace we seek therein.

THE END.











